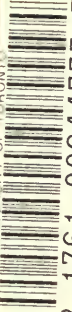


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Metaphrase Pan Dea

# ANOTHER STROLL,

BEING THE THIRD,

OF

W. C. S.

AND HIS ALTER IDEM FRIEND,

P. P.

WHO IS NOT CLERK OF THIS, OR ANY OTHER PARISH.\*

Κικέρων δὲ ἐνίοτε τράγματα σπουδῆς  
ἄξια γέλωτι καὶ παιδιᾷ κατιζωνυομενος  
ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΧΡΕΙΩΔΕΣ, δοκεῖ καὶ γέλωτος οικεῖος  
γεγονέναι, καὶ φιλοσκόπτῃς.

*Plutarchi Comparatio Demosthenis cum Cicerone.*

Hæc ego non rideo, quamvis tu  
rideas; sed de re severi-simâ, tecum,†  
ut soleo, jocos,

*Cicero, Epist. ad Familiar, lib. i. c. Epist. 11.*

\* Swift (Sir W. Scott's) vol. 13, p. 163.

† *Lector benevole.*

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## SUPERNUMERARY MOTTOS.

TRES HORRE LIBELLOS ALLOQUITUR, GRAVITER COMMOTUS, LECTOR.

*Thou art too like the spirit of B——n : \* down!*

—————and thy air,

*Thou other cloth bound Tract, † is like the first.*

*A third is like the former : —————*

Why do you shew me this ?

MACBETH.

TER *Conatus ibi, collo dare brachia circum,*

*Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago.*

VIRGIL.

Firm solid form *thrice* seeking to embrace,

*Thrice* was I tangled in a phantom chase :

Reader, your kind instructions I await.—

“ *Thrice* baffled do you say ?—then *ter*-minate ;

“ Yes ; never stare : my counsel is, *have done* :

“ 'Tis brief, and sound, and better than my pun.”

—————

“ Since it is reasonable to doubt of most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of our's, which would demonstrate all things.”—*Thoughts on various subjects, by Mr. Pope. Swift's Works by Sir W. Scott, vol. 13, p. 260.*

\* Banquo in the original.

+ Gold-bound brow, in the original.





## DEDICATION.

TO  
ZERO,  
THE NEAR RELATIVE OF IMMATERIAL,  
AND ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED  
M. T. FAMILY,  
WHO HAVE MADE,  
AND ARE DOOMED TO MAKE,  
SO MUCH NOISE IN THIS WORLD OF OUR'S.  
TO ZERO,  
WHO, A NEUTRAL, LIKE MYSELF,  
KEEPS EQUALLY ALOOF,  
FROM THE PLUS AND MINUS PARTIES  
OF THE ALGEBRAIC STATE,  
THE FOLLOWING—SOME OF THEM AT LEAST  
APPROPRIATELY M. T. PAGES—  
ARE INSCRIBED;  
NOT BY NUMBER ONE,  
NOR EVEN BY NUMBER TWO,  
BUT, TO THE READER'S DISCOMFITURE,  
BY NUMBER THREE.  
O! O!



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<sup>a</sup> JUVENAL. *Critice* in the original. *Pelluces* may be translated *I know who you are*.

<sup>b</sup> Horace, Book 3, Ode 7. Perhaps *fles* should be rendered *snarl*.

## INTRODUCTION.

“ To be, *or* not to be,” exclaimed the Dane :  
To be *is* not to be, we now maintain :  
*Is not* means *is* ; and *immaterial*  
Imports far more than *not material* :  
Nay, as—how pleasantly !—Addresses sing,—  
Wrongly *rejected*,—“ nought is every thing.”\*

PROBABLY my readers have seen a picture, by the justly celebrated Hogarth, in which a professor is engaged in lecturing a crowded audience of Caps and Gowns. The theme is—*Datur Vacuum ?* and none, who “ look upon this picture,” can hesitate to give the question an

\* And every thing is nought ; and nought is everything.

*Rejected Addresses.*

## INTRODUCTION.

affirmative decision. The lecturer, too, points very significantly at his own head ; as much as to say,—“ what I am treating of, is there.”

In contemplating such a group (of Metaphysicians, let us suppose,) I cannot avoid asking myself the following questions.—Is a head, *full of immateriality*, distinguishable from an *empty* one ?—Can a pate, filled with emptiness, be other than a *mortal* dull one ?—Or is it desirable that such immaterial mentality should be immortal ?

*Sumite MATERIAM,—vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
Viribus.*

Such is the advice of Horace ; and his prescription much resembles the proverbial one, of “ cut your coat according to your cloth.”—Where a man has *no* cloth, his case appears to come within the equity of the adage ; and he must borrow from others, instead of vainly trying to manufacture for himself. For, humanly speaking, *ex nihilo, nihil fit*. Such, at least beyond the pale of Metaphysics, is the sublunary rule.—But again I proceed to ask myself a

## INTRODUCTION.

question.—Can a man more easily provide a coat out of *no cloth*, than out of *some* ? Or does he stock an empty wareroom, by boasting that it is amply stored with immaterial broad cloth ; an article of superior quality, and which never can wear out ?—Prove to me, I might say to him, that *immaterial tissue* is something different from *no tissue*, and I may contract with you for my clothing. But in the meantime, I exclaim with Lear,

“ nothing can come of nothing ; speak again.”

If indeed I were told, that an extraordinary and admirable tissue had fallen, i' th' olden time, like meteoric stone, from heaven ; that the substance, of which it was formed, was utterly unknown ; but that, by infallible authority it had been proclaimed, that it could not be destroyed : that it produced, and seemed to generate from itself, successions of gems, spangles, and embroidery, which illuminated and adorned whatever they came near ; and that with this web (of what made, they could not tell,) none pro-

## INTRODUCTION.

duced from earthly looms, or merinos, could compare,—I might doubt for a while, the correctness of so wonderful a tale ; until exact experience, or unquestionable authority, had vouched it : but, in the mean time, what I deferred believing, I should perfectly understand : and would permit the narrator to give whatever name he pleased to the marvellous texture which he so extolled. To call it, for example, *material*, or *immaterial* ; provided he considered the title thus given, as but conventional : and involving no definition of the essence named. Though, if the naming were left to me, I might call the substance *athanasian* : for there would be something equivocal in the title Athanasian.



## METAPHYSIC RAMBLES.

---

### DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

THAT substance, which is endowed with the power of thinking, you call *mind*?

I do ; and Lord Brougham does the same.

Do any animals, below the human grade, possess this power?

It must, I apprehend, be conceded that they do.

Then these have *mind*?

It follows that they have.

And this mentality must, in the alternative, be material, or immaterial?

Of course it must.

If we assume it to be material?

Then we assign to matter—the faculty of thinking.

If immaterial ?

Then we imply that the brute soul is immortal.

Yes ; if we subscribe to the doctrine of Lord Brougham, that of immaterial mind—immortality is an inseparably inherent attribute.

Exactly so.

Does an oyster think ?

Nay, I can scarcely tell whether it even feels. For the intellects of Tilburina were more or less unsettled, when she ventured to pronounce that “an oyster may be crossed in love;” and I have heard Naturalists declare, that be this testacious paramour ever so erotic, his passion could not be thwarted in such a way.\*

But *if* the oyster thinks, it must have mind ; and if mind must be immaterial, and immateriality must be immortal,—this marine intelligence may think, if not say, with Cato, “ I shall never die.”

I can more easily swallow the oyster, than the hypothesis of its being immortal.

\* Quippe quum sit Οστρεον ἰσχυμαφροδιστον.

Yet, you must swallow and digest the latter ;  
or throw Lord Brougham up.—You smile.

I smile to think, that if the precious surviving portion of oysters were a pearl, its elysium might be the necklace of Maria.

Who, in that case, should change her name to Margaret, or Marguerite.—In the mean time, and as a general and prudent rule, do not cast your pearls before a rabble that may rend you.

You would have me then withdraw the union,\* if not repeal it.

Its shells survive the oyster ; and these have had power to accomplish the banishment of an Aristides.

But, as Aristotle says,† that le feu brûle, sans savoir qu'il brûle, so these shells ostracise. without knowing that they do so.

Have spiders mind ?

The poet furnishes me with an answer ;‡ for

Methinks I hear, in accents low,  
The sportive kind reply.

\* Which in the days of Shakspeare, meant a pearl.

† In Victor Cousin's Translation.

‡ Gray.

(I mean the tribe of flies,) that spiders are a thoughtful, contriving, plotting, sanguinary race.\*

The Lychnis, then, which lays a snare for, and devours an incautious fly, does it merely inwrap insects, or does it also envelope mind?

I beg to refer the answer to this question, to yourself.

\* I take the course and sequence of the *sorites* to be this,—Spiders think; they therefore must have mind: but mind is immaterial; and being immaterial, must therefore be immortal. Therefore spiders, so far as regards their mentality, are immortal.—Do flies think? They certainly appear to me to be a thoughtless race. But if really, though giddily, they think, and accordingly have mind,—which, it is said, *cannot* be material, and being immaterial, must *therefore* be immortal,—if all this be so, it is to be hoped, that in the muscarian paradise, not a cobweb will be found. That the sanguinary and devouring “creature,” whose terrestrial life is spent in ensnaring and taking theirs, will not, in elysium, be “at its dirty work again;” but that, imitating the liberality of the Lion, every spider there, will

in his claw,  
Dandle the fly.

O! what a pile of delightful children’s stories can be reared upon this broad foundation, that as thought is exclusively the offspring of mind, every thinking creature must have mind;—and that as mind must be immaterial, and mental immateriality

Well; at least *if* it think, its intellectual substance must be as immortal as that of the fly which it feeds upon: while, as to ants and bees,—

O! I grant you, that if immortality admitted of degrees, these would be ten times as immortal as the vegetable-spider, the polypus, or mimosa.\*

Then the mandrake.

Pooh! pooh!

Be it so. I echo your pooh! pooh! and apprehend, that if I attempted to raise the mandrake, the groan, or outcry, would proceed from *you*. Therefore, nor poppy, nor mandragora shall medicine you to rest. The privilege of putting you to sleep, I reserve exclusively to myself.

I wish too, that you would give over the comparing of vegetables to the human race.

be immortal, no insect, that knows how to think, can ever die!

O genus attonitum gelidæ formidine mortis,  
*Araneum*, quid tenebras, quid nomina vana timetis?  
 Morte carent animæ.

\* Sensitive plant.

Yet are there many points of mutual resemblance. Do not men occasionally, and even periodically, sleep?

They do : especially when of the reader class.

Vegetables also do the same.

I have heard that they do.

Linnæus gives numerous instances of this curious fact. The sleep of plants forms one of the most interesting items of his *philosophia botanica*. One plant droops its head ; another folds its petals : they assume various languid postures ; but one and all go sleep ; and make choice of night, as we do, for taking their repose.

And I dare say their somnolency provokes no harsh criticism from you.

No : I like the bed myself. I come with appetite and relish, to

great Nature's second course ;

and so, they tell me, does Lord Melbourne. So, I know, did the late Lord Londonderry ; and so, in his day, (as well as night,) did Alexander.

On whose authority do you state this?

On that of Plutarch; who assures us that he often slept till noon; and sometimes passed the entire day in bed.\* Yet who more alert and active, on occasion, than “Philip’s warlike son?” Brutus too, probably, was not “early to rise;” for we know he was not “early to bed.”

And he paid dearly for not going to rest in better time. It was after midnight, while he was unseasonably vigilant, and his lamp expiring, and only not extinguished, that his Evil Genius appeared, at Abydos, within his tent; and uttered the terrific promise, of repeating his visit at Philippi.†

This strange occurrence, I admit, must be considered as vouched by the steady Brutus; for if he had not disclosed it, the fact could not

\* Life of Alexander, ch. 23. Ἐκάθειδε πολλάκις μέχρι μέσης ἡμέρας· ἔτι δ' ὅτε καὶ διημέρευεν ἐν τῷ καθεύδειν.—Thus translated by Ricard—Après le souper, il prenait un second bain, et se couchait: il dormait souvent jusqu’ à midi, quelquefois tout le jour. The Duke of Wellington, too, I am proud to say, once took an heroic nap, in the very sight of Soult, whilst this latter was meditating a prompt attack.

† Plutarch, Life of Cæsar, ch. 69. “Ὁ σος, ὃ Βροῦτι, δαίμων κακός.” The phantom (φάσμα) thus described itself.

have been known ; inasmuch as the scaring apparition and he were tête à tête.

But the anecdote is a serious one : what induces you to smile ?

I was thinking whether I should be frightened, if I were to see the ghost of an Ogre Lychmis, which had died of the indigestion of an overgrown bluebottle ; or been mortally stung by a wasp, which he had been gulping down.

Nay, the pallid lily would make a better apparition. I once, by the way, addressed a few verses to this flower. Could you endure to hear them, do you think ?

Endure ! I shall be too happy to hear you recite them. But stop ; provided they be not am-a-tory. No politics, if you love me.

I love you as I do myself ; and as for politics, I detest them. Yet, all whig though he may be, Tom Moore has not refrained from writing am-a-tory verses. But to my Blondes.

TO THE WHITE LILY.

Fair, spotless flower, reflecting every ray,  
That joins to form bright effluence of Day,\*

\* The colour, *white*, is said to be the result of a reflection of *all* the solar rays.



Uncrimson'd may thy purity remain !  
 Nor sanguinary blot its lustre stain !  
 " Dabbled in blood,"\* shall Faction's Fury soil  
 Th' angelic robe,† that clothes thee without toil ? ‡  
 Or wounds of civil war—shall blossom deal,  
 Blossom of plant, whose province is to heal ? §  
                     No ; fair one, no :  
                     The rose of snow  
 Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread,  
 To form a thorny and conflicting shade : ||  
 But towering Lily, pure, immaculate,  
 O'ertopping Faction, keep thy glittering state.

You cannot, yourself, think more favourably  
 of those lines, than I do. But how much you  
 have been mistaken ! I have heard you called  
 an Orange Bigot ; a violent party man ; what  
 not ?

Whatever may be my ignorance of the nature  
 and qualities of mind, I am disposed to hope that  
 calumny is often not material ; and that it seldom  
 is immortal. Such, at least, I firmly believe to  
 be the case of panegyric. A man bepraised may  
 strut, and perhaps fret, his hour upon the stage ;

\* Shakspeare.                      † John, xx. 12.    Matt. xxviii. 2, 3.

‡ Matt. vi. 28, 29.

§ The root of the white lily is vulnerable, or styptic.

|| See the Bard, of Gray.

but ought to reckon upon soon being nothing. For a few months he may play LION, as *Bottom* wished to do;\* but the caprice of public opinion will soon decorate him with an ass's head; and he may find no Titania to fall in love with a reputation thus travestied.—But I think I could still farther refute the slanders (some few of the many slanders) of which I have been the object. *I* could do so, if *you* could have patience with a few more lilies.

Patience! I would say to you, and your flowery Muse,

*manibus date lilia plenis.*

\* Lion, however, is a part which *I* have never been desirous of performing. It is contemptible to be made a show of; (if the creature exhibited can help it;) and a Lion *fûté* is only more respectable than a dancing bear. Fed for a season, upon beef-steak, toast, and hips (not haws,) the Royal Beast is then sent to the De—n or forest,—or, for want of one,—the bog; until called upon anew, to “ramp;” or “dandle” a favourite opinion;<sup>a</sup> and “roar you as gently,” (for fear of frightening

<sup>a</sup> Sporting, the lion ramp'd; and in his paw,  
Dandled the kid.

*Milton.*

I suspect that he who performs Lion, instead of—or while—faring as I have above supposed, may be found to have been feeding upon Moonshine; of which probably *Bottom* was not aware, when he was so desirous of monopolizing both parts. *Moonshine*, if my memory serve me, was one of the characters in that drama.

Then take, and *agreez* what follows

TO THE LILIES.

Rich emblem of a Royal Friend  
To genuine tolerance, I ween,\*  
Mark how thy warning colours blend :  
Orange thou art, I grant ; but also green.†

Fair, milk-white flower, who softly shine,  
In wedding garment, quite unspotted,  
Be milk of human kindness thine,  
By Faction's drug uncurdled, and unblotted.--  
Let a bland spirit be thy gentle lure ;  
Sweet as thy breath, and as thy blossom pure.

Above, below, the silver flower,  
Twined with its golden foe be spread ;  
And furnish, to the festal hour,  
A chaplet for the Patriot's head.

the ladies,) "as a sucking dove."—Which is the least alluring,—the *den-ing* or the *di-ning* portion of such a life?—What lion of good taste could wish to be ever called upon to "roar again?" Would he not be rather tempted to say, *a bas La Renommée*?

\* William the Third was, in his dispositions, a tolerant Prince. The first of these stanzas is addressed to the Orange Lily ; the second to the white one.

† All but the flower.

If your's be not "the golden mean," it is a mean, between the golden and the silver flower. Do you recollect your lines, entitled COUNTRY ?

*Les voici.*

COUNTRY.

Eirinn go brah!

Dear *Erin*, my Country, I love thee well ;  
Better, oh better than words can tell !  
Ere civil gore moisten, or tyrant enslave,  
May the verdure that brightens thee, cover my grave !  
To your gales may the breath they have lent me, be given !  
And Death, for your rights, waft my spirit to heaven !

We have unfortunately seen "civil gore moisten :"\* the question is, whether we have seen "tyrant enslave."

Be this as it may, I feel tempted, by your encouragement, to extend to greater length, the refutation of certain slanders, to which I have been adverting.

Yield at once to the temptation. You will be sure to have done so, before the conclusion

\* In 1798.

of our appendix ; and why prorogue the vindictory recital until then ?

I yield to your desire, in all the facility of authorship.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

A cheer for the banner of green,  
By exuberant Nature outspread !  
In our every field it is seen : \*  
What assassin would change it to red ?

Hence, herald of woe ! civil war !  
Nor to ruby our emerald turn :  
All, all, thy grim aspect abhor,  
With a true love for country, who burn.

No ! *quarter* our standard of green :  
Let the hues of rich orange be there ;  
And the colours of Derry be seen,  
Where the verdures of Erin appear.

We would ask you to be our Ally ;  
Be generous, brave Orange, and dare :  
For freedom you fought, and would die :  
What you value thus, will you not share ?

To a brother, for kindness we flee ;  
A mere brotherly feeling we crave :  
When an Irishman sues to be free,  
Shall an Irishman spurn and enslave ?

\* In allusion to the verdure of Ireland.

Tydeus, falling at Thebes, long of yore,  
 Gnaw'd in death, the dead poll of his foe \*  
 They had striven the moment before ;  
 Yet such fury revolts, even so.

Have ages been rolling in vain ?  
 Five races of men ceased to live ?  
 And shall rage unextinguished remain ?  
 Must antipathies only survive ?

My ancestor fought at the Boyne,  
 At Aughrim, and Derry, 'tis true ·  
 Against him, it may be, fought thine ;  
 Both bravely and loyally too.†

Your's conquered ;‡ 'tis yours to forgive ·  
 Nor remembrance ought either to have  
 Of the past, but that those, who now live,  
 Are sprung from the loyal and brave.

I believe in one God ; so do you :  
 Both on the same Saviour depend ;  
 Shall Christian join hands with the Jew,  
 And not make of a Brother a Friend ?

\* Recorded by Statius, (I think :) perhaps elsewhere.

† According to their respective opinions.

‡ This statement, of the Versifier, is more or less incorrect. Two of his lineal and paternal ancestors were officers in William's army, and fought and fell upon his side. *Audi alteram partem*: his maternal family, a very amiable one, was Catholic: their politics were Jacobite; and a distinguished member of that family followed, with the Duke of Ormonde, the fortunes of the Pretender.

Of that Shepherd, both claim to be sheep ;  
 And shall we, like wolves fierce and grim,  
 Our fangs in each other's blood steep,  
 On our way to salvation, and Him ?

Shall the pious and meek-purposed bell,  
 That summons our Protestant crowd,  
 Of Charity ringing the knell,  
 Say to Christians, "be selfish and proud ?"

At the Curfew's now innocent toll,  
 What Norman would swell with proud ire,  
 That a Saxon may comfort his soul,  
 With the brightness and warmth of his fire :

Dissension and feud at an end,  
 Dagger-drawing, and enmity sore,  
 To *English* they've learned to blend ;  
 And are *Saxon* and *Norman* no more.

*Our* Pedigrees mingle in vain :  
 Still Prejudice, towering sublime,  
 Disperses ; and Bigotry's reign  
 Tyrannises o'er Nature and Time.

Can England, of Europe the gem,  
 Longer bear our abasement to see ?  
 Union tells us we're one and the same :  
 Then while Erin's a Slave—so is She.

When did these stanzas first appear ?  
 This is their first appearance. They were  
 written about a year before the passing of the

Relief Bill; but never published, or even printed. They were, however circulated in manuscript, amongst friends; some of whom strongly urged a more extensive circulation. One, at least, of these was then, and is still a judge.

O! then you have friends upon the bench.

I hope I have, a few. But the one to whom I have alluded, is only in the loose and popular sense of the word, a friend.—If we speak “by the card,”\* though “friend, world-yclept,” he is but a slight and common acquaintance at the most. We are a sort of “intimate strangers;” as I have seen such relations comically enough described; and I am now resigned to our being no more.

This is exactly as it should be.

How do you mean?

*Malé rerum examinat omnis—corruptus judex.*  
But here your discussions are not pursued *inter lances, mensasque nitentes*: on the contrary, *impransi disquiritis*; or at least not feasting at the same convivial board; nor exposed to the dis-

\* Hamlet.



tractions of turbot and venison ; or of a bottle, containing matter more imaginative than hot water.\*

Your rule will only apply to cases, where the question for decision is a temperance one.— Have not Ministers their cabinet dinners, and their white bait ?

I am too little of a politician, to take a cabinet for my model.

You will admit, however, the alluring qualities of bait of every kind ; and that ministers, if they would have supporters, must even distribute, and not keep it to themselves.

I will admit that you are much too fond of quibble.

So have been my betters. Shakspeare was so in his day ; of whom I need not say *quantâ ei TORQUEAT HASTAM*.

Nay, you are quite incorrigible. To present me with a pun, in the very face of my expostulation !

Then do not throw away your reprimands. Besides I may frequently say, with Cicero, *hæc*

\* Lord Brougham's Discourse, p. 112.

*ego non rideo, quamvis tu rideas; sed de re severissimâ tecum, ut soleo, jocos.\**

But I have heard men call you venerable: and as for t'other W. C. S. (your *alter idem*,) he has, in print, dwindled into a Venerable, of (shall I say the highest, or the lowest?) class. He has shrunk into such a venerably grasshopperish tenuity,† that I should not wonder if he evaporated into absolute Immaterial.

That perhaps is his affair. I, for my part, am quite as venerable as I wish to be, either in reputation or in fact. Especially because I told you, in our second dialogue, what venerable often means.‡

Senile decrepitude?

Even so. But allow me to propose a question. Do you consider me as fixed and serious, in my religious opinions?

I do.

\* Letter to Trebatius, *Epist. ad Famil. Lib. 7, Epist. 11*. To deride is not—or is not merely—to laugh; and derision may be argument.

† See Homer's account of Priam, and his aged companions, at the Scæan gate, in the third book of the *Iliad*.

‡ Page 33, Note.

I hope you but do me justice. I trust, that *spiritus intus alit*; and that those opinions *manent altâ mente repostæ*; as little affected, by a curl upon my lip, as the depths of Ocean are by the ripple, that may play upon its surface. Now, this being the case, is there harm in letting it be seen, that a religious Mind can be cheerful, even to playfulness, instead of being repulsively gloomy and morose?

Provided no viciously incongruous levity intrude, I see no objection, (but the contrary,) to rendering the aspect of Religion winning to gaiety and youth. What has Milton said?

How charming is divine philosophy !  
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose ;  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.\*

Less than he has said of Philosophy, I would not, nor would he, say of Religion. But let us remember, that *sunt certi fines* : that where *facetie* too much abound, the seasoning is too high. *Verb : sap.*

\* Comus.

Nay, in my character of *Sapiens*, I recoil from *Verb*. It might steal us into politics.

Where lurks the danger? What do you smile at? and what are you about?

Possibly about provoking you again. But does not a verb supply the politician's every mood?—Are not the *Ins*, for example, imperative and potential? The *Outs* optative and indicative of every error of their rivals? The inferior adherents, are they not subjunctive?

You will have your way. But what do you do with the Infinitive?

Leave it to inordinate Demagogues, and the exorbitance of their mob-suite.

And what do you say to Dandy Statesmen?

I wish to have nothing to say to such popinjays, at all.\* Their superficial flippancy does mischief. I am no friend to party-men, even where party means *soirée*; nor am I, in every case, an admirer of club-law.

But to return to your *Fleur d' Orange*.—Alas! what a commentary upon its poetical text, the last few years have been supplying!

\* See first part of Henry IV. Act 1, Sc. 3.

But the principles which I there asserted, if conciliatory, were also sound; and if they have not been permitted beneficially to apply, I cast the responsibility upon those, whoever they may be, that have impeded this salutary application: that have ungratefully traduced, and endeavoured (and almost successfully endeavoured) to destroy those who supported, through evil report, and to the injury of their own prospects, those principles, that conferred upon their traducers a power and influence, which they have abused.

You were lately avoiding the Scylla of politics, with great care; but now appear to me to be approaching their Charybdis. Beware, and tack in time. This length, however, I am prepared to go. I will admit that a defamatory is the worst species of amatory course. And, à propos of defamation, have you arraigned the motive of Lord Brougham, for inquiring as to, and maintaining the immateriality of soul?

On the contrary, I have assumed his motive to be a good one. I but suggested that his argument seems divisible into branches; of which one maintains the immateriality of Mind,

and the other insists upon immortality, as a mere consequence of its being thus immaterial; as a consequence, which the premiss, of immateriality, is indispensably necessary to produce. The force, or at least the object, of my suggestion, was this :—that if his lordship's arguments for immateriality failed to convince, and if he succeeded in persuading his readers that *material* could not be immortal, such failure, and such success, between them, might lay the axe to the root of our hopes of eternal life. But why did you ask the question which I have just answered?

With reference to a criticism in the Freeman's Journal of the 18th of November, which is eminently kind to us, Metaphysic Ramblers, and our promenades.

Yes; the article is what you have called it, "eminently kind;" and withal, contains matter, perhaps corrective matter, well deserving of our attention. For example, the parallel between the attempts of Paley and Lord Brougham, is argumentative and just, and arrested my attention. But has the success of the former writer been unqualified and universal? On the con-

trary. Jobert, in his “two words,” assures us, that—*ab ovo usque ad mala*—the attempt is a weak and empty sophism; that the old story told in Genesis, of Creation, is not yet proved to be more authentic than a nursery tale. That, accordingly, whether there be a Creator, we can by no means tell. That the carnal Deity, announced by Revelation, is a monstrous One. And it further seems contended, unless I misinterpret, that the being of a God, if indeed a God exist, it remains for some member of the British Association to detect; while there does not appear to be ground for sanguine hope, that Lord Brougham will accomplish that, which Doctor Paley and the Bible have so miserably failed to do.

The Critic asserts truly, that to be audible is to be material; but conceives that something different has been affirmed by me. But, on the contrary, I shall be found to have repeatedly declared, that to be perceptible to any sense, is to be material. Neither have I, on the other hand, presumptuously insinuated that the Divine Substance is perceptibly material. On the contrary, my intimation was,

that in perceptible materiality he had manifested himself, to our sight, in the burning bush ; to hearing, in the still small voice ; and to all our senses, by means of the Incarnation. Thus, by the test of touch, our Lord, after his Resurrection, convinced the incredulity of Thomas ; who, being permitted to thrust his hand into his wounds, exclaimed in admiration, “ My Lord, and my God ! ”

It is observed, that Archbishop Tillotson has said, that where religion ends, metaphysics begin. If by religion we are to understand revelation, and if the metaphysics here intended are conversant about the same subject, and meant to be supplemental to revelation, I doubt whether this be not an appendix, with which we might very well dispense.

If the Scriptures have not disclosed to us *less* than enough, why need metaphysics curiously seek to discover more ? I should fear that wanderings, so discursive and abstruse, might stray into inquiries too much resembling those which Milton supposes to have engrossed the revolted angels, in their confinement.



“ Others apart, sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high,  
 Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,  
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil, much they argued then ;  
 Of happiness, and final misery :

\* \* \* \* \*

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.”\*

What do you think of the Lectures of a Country Pastor ?

That they seem to be the work of an able, a pious, and a learned man. But I have not read them all.

I suppose you know to whom they are attributed, by Rumour.

I do.

What do you think of him ?

I have not seen enough, for enabling me to form an opinion.

And what does he think of you ?

I would repeat my last answer. I have indeed a surmise ; but I hope, or at least wish, as much for his sake as for mine, that it may be

\* Paradise Lost.

an unfounded one ; and therefore, instead of stating it, I will say *nous verrons*.

Do you subscribe to his hypothesis, that when body dies, soul falls into a kind of trance, from which it is roused by the last trumpet, unconscious of the lapse of ages, if ages have intervened, and seeming to itself to have terminated, but the moment before, its terrestrial career ?

No ; to this hypothesis I have two objections : first, I seem to have something resembling warrant of Holy Writ, for believing the soul to have a conscious and separate existence, in the interval between death and the general resurrection ; secondly, the stowing of thousands of years in the twinkling of an eye, is a compendiousness which exceeds my faculties of conception.

The Pastor himself admits this to be so ; but you have yourself said, that what we are incapable of conceiving, we frequently must believe.

I say so still. When God commands our faith, we are bound implicitly to believe. Nor is there blind or weak credulity in this submission. We merely assume that to be the word

of Truth, which we have ascertained to be the word of God. Thus, though we are required to believe more than we understand, we are not called upon to believe more than we *know* to be strictly true. But where the commands of Deity have not interposed, I am free to regulate myself by sublunary rules; and to shrink from believing what I am unable to comprehend.

The Pastor, accordingly, admits that belief to be quite optional, which you decline to form.

Yes; the work is a liberal and candid one: it contains nothing peremptory or dogmatic. To opinions so advanced, I am the more disposed to defer; and if the Author be not more self-sufficient than his book, I would on this score extend a portion of my respect to him. But you sigh and laugh. Why this is a match for Andromache's *δακρυοεν γελασσα*.

I sighed after a ghost story; and laughed at myself for such a childish longing. But there is a little spice of superstition about yourself: you, therefore, will not join me in this laugh at my expense.

No: like my Brother Rambler, Doctor Johnson, I take a keen delight, in glimpses however transient, of the spiritual world; and grasp at vouchers of its near neighbourhood; and of the mysterious activity of its intangible existence. Neither do I dislike that slight creeping of the flesh, which a recital of supernaturals is calculated to produce. It seems to revive the simple and primitive sensations, of innocent, inexperienced, and story-craving Childhood. But the scene of these charmingly frightful narratives should be an appropriate one. The apartment ought to be *rambling*, and undefined; its outline broken by dim recesses, and light-absorbing nooks.—From an adjoining landing-place, the loud ticking of an ancient house-clock might be heard; and hoarse growl with which it preludes a tedious striking of the hour. If the wind, too, chose to pipe, though I might prefer a sob, I should not make objection: I have not forgotten Ossian.

Ghosts ride on the tempest to night;  
Sweet is their voice, between the gusts of wind:  
Their songs are of other worlds.

A passing shower too, if it list, may make its sprinklings audible, against the window-panes.—No candles, I insist upon it; and the fire—one of those, which

teach light to counterfeit a gloom :

While the features of a few old portraits alternately vanish and reappear, as a scanty, faint, and intermitting blaze directs; and the phantom shadows, or apparitions, of the lumbering furniture, are “solemnly tripping,”\* or dancing up and down the walls, at the fitful pleasure of this dubious light.

The *Æolian Harp*?—

No: I am all for originals; and will admit no copies. The *Æolian Harp* (which is not Gray’s “*Æolian Lyre*,”) but sets to music, and accompanies, the shriek and sob, the long-drawn moan, and plaintive wailings of the wind; together with those “songs of other worlds,” which, according to Ossian, are wafted on its wings. Now I prefer the vocal, to the

\* See Catherine’s Vision, in Henry the Eighth.

instrumental strain.—The mournful bay, if not too near, of a disconsolate and moon-struck dog, I have too great mythological respect for *Hecate*, to prohibit. The Irish cry too—

What ! that barbarous howl ?

Wild and dismal, if you please ; but do not stigmatize it with the epithet of howl. When its roughnesses, and chromatic or other discords, are softened by distance, and as it were diluted in the open air, it comes, with “a dying fall,”\* of inexpressible plaintiveness, upon the ear. It is, I confess, an echo, or paraphrase of the wind’s lament ; but I admit it, on the score of sweetness, as an exception to my dislike of copies. Is it a song of this world, sadly floating to another ? Or a song of other worlds, addressed, by Grief, to this ?—Some of its cadences resemble those of a nurse’s drowsy lullaby : and thus we may be said, in Ireland, to enter—and retire from—life, upon a song.

What an admirable introduction, to the ghost story which you are about to tell !

Nay, I have no ghost story : Nothing, *tanto*

\* Shakspeare.

*dignum hiatus*, to append. I can substitute, if you will accept of anything so tame and meagre, what Rambler Samuel\* would be apt to call a moribund divination.

Proceed;  $\mu\eta\ \kappa\epsilon\hat{\nu}\hat{\nu}\epsilon\ \nu\omicron\psi$ , *si non datur ultra*.

I once attended a near and dearly beloved relative, and friend, on his sick—and as it eventually turned out—his death bed. A small chamber-clock, not an alarm one, ran down suddenly and unexpectedly, with considerable noise. The sick man started at the sound; and having learned its cause, proceeded to inquire at what hour the clock went down. Then calling me to his bed-side, he said, “W—, at that hour I shall die.” His final expiration was so tranquil, that it would be difficult to fix, with exactness, the moment when it occurred. But so far as this could be ascertained, his foreboding was fulfilled.—He was not superstitious: very much the contrary: though what I have stated, and am about to mention, may smack strongly of superstition.—The house-dog being enlarged, stationed himself under the window,

\* Johnson.

and began to howl. “Ah! Welbore!” said the dying man, “I thought none but myself knew what was coming.”—It is to be observed, that while others considered his case as but precarious, he himself pronounced it, from the first, to be quite hopeless.

Do you know that I connect his last ominous exclamation, with a previous dog-anecdote of your family; which you have already told me, but which I wish you would repeat.

So do I thus connect it.—In the last illness of my paternal grandfather, and almost at the moment of dissolution, a favourite and faithful dog crept under the bed; and would not be removed. When the remains were being transferred to the coffin, he came forth, and howl’d for a short time, by this chest of death. He afterwards accompanied the funeral; and in the confusion and sad preoccupation of the day, it was not observed that he had not returned. But next morning came a message from the Glebe, two miles distant, that in the course of the night, mournful sounds had been heard from the neighbouring Church-yard, which turned out to be the cries of this affectionately



attached creature ; and at an early hour of the morning, he was found, lying and whining near the entrance of the vault. He caressed the finder ; and seemed to be soliciting and expecting, that the door would be opened, which shut him out from remains, still held by him so dear. Food was offered him ; which he received, but did not quit his post. The remainder of the story I have forgotten ; with this exception, that poor Oliver became even a greater favorite than before, with the orphans of his beloved master ; and that his likeness was admitted, amongst the few family portraits of the house.

Do you recollect the Aid-de-camps of Evan-der, as described by Virgil ?

Yes ; and greatly admire the primitive simplicity of the scene :

*Gresumque canes comitantur herilem.*

Do you remember Auld lang syne ?

“ Should auld acquaintance be forgot ? ” — Besides, what poet, genuine or would-be, ever forgot a composition of his own ? I do recollect, and can repeat what relates to the dog *Oliver*.

What better could he do, than fly  
 To the cold flinty refuge nigh,  
 Bless his young Destitutes,—and die ?\*  
 He did so, lang, lang syne.

His faithful mastiff could not save,  
 But follow'd, moaning, to the grave ;  
 And, by Death's dark and lonely cave,  
 Lay down to starve and whine :

But those who loved the dust within,  
 Loved, for its sake, its friend—I ween ;  
 And, hardly, to return they win  
 This dog of auld lang syne.†

I have another, not very dissimilar, canine story, (in verse too,) at your service. The anecdote however, while some insist upon its truth, is pronounced by others to be nearly, if not altogether, a fictitious one. As for the Versifier, *audita loquitur*.

\* In a preceding stanza it had been stated, that

———— seldom had he raised his head,  
 Since his loved—lovely wife was dead ;  
 Or had done aught but pine.

† ANONYMOUS VERSIFIER.—A well authenticated family tradition. The poem, from which the above stanzas are extracted, has not, (nor have the verses entitled *Prince Pensive*) been ever published

## PRINCE PENSIVE.

Ay, stop, and welcome, handsome stranger,  
 Till to your home restored ;  
 What is your name ? Prince, Sancho, Ranger ?  
 Welcome to bed and board.

Prince moved his tail, and raised his eyes ;  
 His thanks seem'd aught but glad ;  
 They even struck one with surprise ;  
 So kind at once, and sad.

The children challenged him to join  
 Their sport, the following day :  
 The dog caress'd them with a whine,  
 And sadly slunk away.

Yet soon their melancholy guest  
 Great favourite became :  
 To call him *Pensive*, they request ;  
 He answer'd to that name.

One gloomy day a dismal toll  
 From neighbouring church was heard ;  
 Prince started up ; gave one short howl ;  
 Rush'd forth, and disappear'd.

Soon after, vows my funeral Verse,  
 (*Audita loqui fas ;\**)  
 With drooping mien, beside a hearse,  
 Poor Prince was seen to pass.

\* It is permitted to relate what one has heard.

Sought for, and strictly, but in vain,  
 For Prince the children cry :  
 But the poor dog return'd again ;  
 Return'd, alas ! to die.

Differing from mine, some versions have,  
 That Prince no more return'd ;  
 But moaning died, upon the grave  
 Of him, whose loss he mourn'd.

And who was this ?—his former Lord :  
 Why leave whom loved he so ?  
 Rumour replied, “ by ingrate word  
 “ Incensed, and filthy blow.”\*

Man's loyal friends, the race canine,  
 If this be true, we see,  
 A feeling nice of honour join  
 To stanch fidelity.†

While upon the subject of animal (brute-animal) sentiment and mind, may I, with reference to pages 36 and 37 of the second dialogue, soar (parenthetically) from dog to elephant, as shortly follows ?—Cicero,‡ in noticing the com-

\* So called by Pierre, in *Venice Preserved*,

“ Forgive the *filthy* blow, my passion dealt thee.”

† See first dialogue, pages 111, 112.—*Anonymous Versifier*.

‡ Epist. ad Familiar, Lib. vii. Epist. 1.

passion excited by the massacre of elephants, (and their mournful and expostulatory cries and lamentations,) at the celebrated games exhibited by Pompey,\* expresses himself thus—*Extremus elephantorum dies fuit ; in quo, admiratio magna vulgi atque turbæ, delectatio nulla existit quin etiam misericordia quædam consecuta est,* ATQUE OPINIO EJUSMODI, ESSE QUAMDAM ILLI BELLÆ CUM GENERE HUMANO SOCIETATEM. The last sentence of the above passage, *Melmoth* translates thus—"It is a prevailing notion, "that *these creatures, in some degree, participate "in our rational faculties ;*" and, in a note, he adds, "this was not merely a vulgar opinion ; "but entertained by some of the learned among "the ancients ; as appears from the last cited "historian, *Dion.*"

Do you remember the oatmeal prodigy ?

Pretty well. I have heard it told of many : but my great-grand-mother was the original and real heroine of the tale. She was the Lady Bountiful of her district ; and, in a season of much distress, more than approaching to

\* Upon the dedication of his theatre.

actual famine, she distributed food and other necessities to her almost famished neighbours. Under these circumstances, Widow Flanagan made application for relief. But the meal was out ; and she was put off with milk and money ; a flannel petticoat, and a loaf of bread. But whatever cannot be had, a poor Irishwoman often supposes to be the very thing of which she stood in need. So the meal-suit was pressed, and the housekeeper was summoned.—“ No more meal ? ” — “ Not a grain ! ” — “ A ”  
 “ very little will serve poor Jenny’s purpose : do ”  
 “ scrape the losset with a wing.”\* “ Ma’am ”  
 “ it’s no use ; I scraped it for Darby Forrestal’s ”  
 “ children, two days ago.” “ Now don’t be ”  
 “ contradictory : it will not take a minute to try ”  
 “ again.”—Under this injunction, the house-

\* The Irish practice, of using the *wing* of a fowl, for such purposes as are mentioned in the text, was already obsolete, or nearly so, (unless amongst the lower orders,) while the author was yet a child. As for *losset*, he can find it in no dictionary ; and, therefore, does not know how to spell it. He doubts whether he ever heard its name, except as one of the personages of this *Meal-o-drame*. That it was a measure, however, or vessel containing oatmeal, he can, on the traditional authority of his respectable grandmother, assert.

keeper flounced out; in the humour in which, under such circumstances, a housekeeper would be apt to be. But after a few minutes, a faint scream of astonishment was heard; and *Mrs. Bunchokeys* reentered, in glad consternation, to announce that the meal-tub was quite full. It is probable that she had erred in her chronology; that the wing affair was an older story than she supposed; that the losset had been filled by her since it occurred; and this last replenishment been forgotten; or perhaps some *locum tenens* had recently replenished it, in her absence, and without her knowledge. But these probabilities and perhapses I would not venture to suggest, if my poor grandmother were still alive. For the Honour of God, and Charity, the Nugents, and the D'Arcys, a miracle she would have it; and nothing less.

And a miracle perhaps it was. You are too incredulous; or you are afraid to let your credulity transpire, and expose itself in print.

You are sagacious. A miracle then, on the word and belief of my late excellent grandmother, let it have been. I forgot to tell you,

that *John Snecrabit*, a pert footman, when Jenny was importuning for the meal, suggested her going to a miller in the next village, and prevailing on him to shake the powdering of his coat and waistcoat, into her apron. As he had delivered the bread and milk to Jenny, John the less pitied her. But the wag paid for his facetiousness. In some days after, he fell awkwardly from behind the carriage, and had his arm in a sling for a week. The neighbours pronounced it a clear judgment. What better could happen him? said they.

But how comes it, that you are so destitute of ghost adventures? I thought that preternaturals were "as plenty as blackberries," in the hills and forests of Villanueva: where the plough turns up cannon-shot, as if they were potatoes: where in trenching for a plantation, you may come upon a charnel-house: and disinter Phœnician scimitars, in searching for bog deal: a neighbourhood, in which if you ask your road, the odds are, that you will be told to turn to the right, or left, at *the war bush*. Here Heremon and Heber fought: here Cromwell beleaguered; and here William skir-



mished.\* Here banditti, consisting not of Whigs and Radicals, but of Tories and Rapparees, "gleaned the refuse of that sword," which more legitimate and public warfare had unsheathed.—Destitute of legendary tales!—Knocknashee, the Fairy Hurlers, Downie's Pass, the Headless Horses, Modda Doov, the Croghan Giant, the Ash-Park Phantom, and the White Lady, or as you are in the habit of calling her, the Lady Blanche! What do you call these?—Why if you starve, it is in the midst of plenty; as the Irish peasant is said to do.

I addressed some verses to the White Lady, about seven years ago. Should you like to read them?

Yes: put them into the appendix-box, when we return.

Nay, knowing the voracity of your ghostly appetite, I brought them with me in my pocket-book, for your luncheon. But, suitably to my name, I must forewarn you, that you will not relish them. For, in her ladyship's formation,

\* All this is true.

I believe I have insinuated, that there is less of *mystery* than *mist*.

Fy! Fy! you are not rightly superstitious, after all.—Nay, you are no better than a shower-bath; throwing cold water on every thing within your reach.—But give me the verses: I will read them.—Oh! I find I saw them before; and, just as I expected, I do not like either of your White Ladies. The verses are all *persifflage*. One would be less likely to believe in phantoms, after having read them, than before.—You may put them into the Appendix however.\*

I have some other versified legends in my pocket-book, which you may like better.

Exile them to the Appendix also. The narrative of an apparition, seen by the lady of Sir Tristram Beresford, has always struck me as being a curious and interesting one.

Upon me too, it has always made the same impression.

You once told it to me.

\* See Appendix; where perhaps they may be found; perhaps not. I have not made up my mind.

I would not venture to tell it to you again. I had then come fresh from hearing it related, with his usual and admirable accuracy, by \*\*\*\*\* ; from an authentic and detailed account, which he had lately read;—if I may apply the epithet ‘authentic,’ to a narrative of the kind.—Four circumstances, attending the supposed occurrence, arrest attention.—FIRST, the phantom visit is represented to have been the performance of a promise, made by a living friend, who, in common with her ladyship, had been incredulous on some matters of religion. The undertaking was, that if he found himself existing after death, and that his spirit was permitted to revisit earth, he would appear to her, and correct any dangerous opinions, which she and he might have erroneously entertained. SECONDLY, the statement is, that he foretold many circumstances of her ladyship’s future life; together with the time appointed for its termination: that these communications she next day imparted in confidence, to a friend;\* and that the subsequent occurrences were in

\* The Narrator.

strict accordance with these predictions.—  
 THIRDLY, that he appeared under the figure of the friend, who in his lifetime had made the promise; or in some way enabled her to recognize him as that friend; and FOURTHLY, that the spirit not only spoke, audibly, and in a language which she could understand: but that it was tangible: and of a temperature so high and ardent, as to communicate caloric with a rapidity and in an abundance, sufficient to burn the wrist of the lady, which, at her desire, it touched. By appearing, and by vanishing, it also indicated a power, of making itself visible, and invisible, at will.—Some circumstances of the transaction might be explained, by supposing it to have been a singularly impressive dream. But others of its appurtenants will not admit of this explanation: and on the whole, we must pronounce the narrative to be false; or a preternatural occurrence to have taken place.—But again you smile; and for the third time since our dialogue began.

I smile to think, that we may be touching upon Irish politics, unawares.

Upon politics! How so?

By making one of the Beresford family our theme.

True. The times are out of joint; and as we cannot reduce the dislocation,—in the name of common Prudence, let us retire, and have done.

Agreed; so far as politics are concerned.—That “the better part of valour is discretion,” has been pronounced by a *greater* man,\* than either of us, I hope, will ever be.—But dreams are not politics.

No; though political speculations may often be mere dreams; or “such stuff as dreams are made of.” I see what you are about. Next to your appetite for phantoms, is your hankering after dreams; and abandoning imputed politics, you would have us escape from them to these. Well! if an allegory and a vision will content you, these shall form our appendix; buttressed by an appurtenant essay, or selected extracts from one.

Nothing political in their nature, I presume?

Certainly not. An essay is not political,

\* Falstaff.

which merely asserts and comments on the undisputed principles of the Constitution. Blackstone, in his commentaries, has treated of the Constitution of England. But I have never heard any portion of these commentaries described as a political or party tract: nor the treatise of De Lolme, whatever be its merits, stigmatized as a work of Faction.—The same observations I would apply to whatever has been written by Montesquieu upon the subject.—As for what you may find in my appendix, it is impossible that it should, with reference to present political differences, be of a party character; for this amongst other reasons; that essays which appeared in print, in 1792, could not have been written with a prospective view to the parties of 1835.—I say could not: for though I hope I am a *sooth-sayer*, I do not claim to be a prophet.

Under these circumstances, I accept your promise of an allegory and a vision. At the same time, I confess, that the dreams which I was in search of, were such as you, and Beattie, and Lord Brougham had been treating of.

Anything concerning these, we must postpone to some future ramble.

But shall we ever have another?

This will depend, partly on our own leisure; partly on our reader's will. A brisk purchase of the present dialogue will be a *Le Lecteur le veut*. On the contrary, a banishment of our lucubrations, to that quarter of the town, in which *quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis* is for sale,—this, I fear, will be a *Le Lecteur s'avisera*.

But lest this *Readerian assent* and sanction should be withheld,—and thus, that (although your occupations should permit) you and I might never have another stroll,—I would ask, in rather pedantic language, for a synopsial epitome, not so much of your arguments, as of your views.

If it can be given, by my answering your inquiries, you shall have it.

It can: but you must submit to my repeating questions, which have been already put, and to which answers have been returned.—Do you assert that the human soul is immaterial?

No.

That it is material?

No.

And why do you decline asserting that it is immaterial?

1st. Because Revelation has not declared that it is so; 2dly. Because it has not hitherto been proved to be so; and 3dly. Because I do not think that such proof can, to merely human understanding, be supplied.

The first of the above three grounds stands equally in the way of your pronouncing the soul to be material.

It does.

On what *additional* grounds do you decline to assert its materiality?

On the second and third ground, by me above suggested: viz. that the materiality of soul has not hitherto been demonstrated; and that I deem it unlikely that proof of this kind will be (to sublunary intellect) supplied.

But, in the course of our dialogues, you stated farther grounds for a denial of the materiality of soul.

Yes: I admitted that I did not know what matter was.



Readers will be startled by such an admission.

Only those who confound a class, with the orders, genera, and species which it contains. Those, for example, who confound *matter*, in general, with *perceptible matter*.—What *this latter* is, I do not admit myself not to know.

But perhaps *perceptible matter* includes *all matter*.

Nay, if this were proved, I should at once pronounce the soul, (for it is imperceptible,) to be immaterial.—But there exists matter which escapes the ken of human sense.

For example ?

Oxygen, for example. I might perhaps add hydrogen and nitrogen ; and I would add light, if I agreed with those who hold it to be invisible. For, I *do* agree, that if not perceived by the eye, light is not perceptible by any human sense. As for heat, this is not light ; but only a usual attendant upon it ; and therefore if *it* be really, or *quasi* felt,—this does not prove that its luminous comrade is palpable.—Again, the experiments of such chemists as Sir Humphry Davy, have rendered that percep-

tible, which, until their scientific skill operated upon it, had not been so.—Had it not been *matter*, before it endured those operations?

Of course it had. Otherwise Chemistry could turn immaterial into material: (which would be an approach to creative power,) and if the human soul got into its clutches, could convert, or pervert it into matter.

Here, if you be serious, you go too far. Though perhaps the will of God is, after all, the only barrier which I could, on such an hypothesis, set up against the Chemist's theoretic power. But in the meantime I seem to have proved my point: viz. that there is such a substance as *imperceptible matter*.\*

You do appear to have established this.

Then it must be bad logic, to pronounce, that because the soul is imperceptible, it therefore is immaterial.

I agree: nor am I surprised to find the *perceptible* to be *imperceptible*. If the case were otherwise, we should encounter an incongruous

\* And see on,—a quotation from Milton, in pages 52, 53.

confusion of the active with the passive.\*—But the qualities of (say) oxygen are perceptible, though it be not perceivable itself.

And are none of the qualities of Mind alike perceptible? Is any power of oxygen more clearly perceptible, than is the *thinking* power or faculty of the Soul? Who fails to perceive that his neighbour thinks? Who is unconscious that he thinks himself?—Have we forgotten the celebrated enthymeme,—I think; therefore I am?

Your reasoning appears, to my understanding, to proceed fairly.

But what does the above logical deduction show?—Not *what* the soul is; but *that* it is. A consciousness of its *existence* is not a knowledge of its *nature*. The reasoning of the Mind appears, when we complete the syllogism, to be this: What *acts*, must *be*: I *act*;† therefore I *am*.

Then your argument seems to be,—that as matter is a class, which possibly includes various orders, genera, and species; and as the

\* Of that which perceives, with that which is perceived.

† Mens loquitur.

only kind of matter with which we are—or can be—acquainted, is perceptible matter,—all that we can decidedly conclude, from the imperceptibility of mind, is—that *perceptible* matter is not its substance. But we know that matters *imperceptible* exist; and cannot say positively that *some one*, or some one and more, of these (with the nature, powers and qualities of which we are unacquainted,) may not have been selected by the Almighty Creator, to form that thinking substance, which we call Mind.

You are right: this *is* my argument. By what process is it, that human intellect can pretend to have discovered, that matter *cannot* think, and that what it has been pleased to call immateriality *can*? And this, where immateriality we cannot even conceive; (though we may believe;) and where even with *matter*, I mean its essential nature, we are, and must remain unacquainted. How does Milton quaintly record the imperceptibility of the material essence? He represents ENS as thus addressing his eldest son, SUBSTANCE.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth,  
The faery ladies danced upon the hearth:

Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie ;

\* \* \* \* \*

And heard them give thee this, *that thou shouldst still*  
*From eyes of mortals walk invisible.*

\* \* \* \* \*

O'er all his brethren \* he shall reign as king ;  
 Yet every one shall make him underling ;  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder,  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under :  
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them ;  
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them :  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing ;  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing, &c. &c.

I do not see what more the above lines teach us, concerning matter, (the material essence,) than this, that we do not, and cannot understand it.

Then to those who ask you—"is the Soul material?" your answer is, "I cannot tell:" And to those who inquire of you, "is the Soul immaterial?" you return the same answer: "I cannot tell."

Yes. But I go farther. I doubt whether you have not split into two questions, what properly is but one. For example: if I answer your first question in the affirmative, and

\* The other nine predicaments, Quantity, Quality, &c.

say that the Soul *is* material,—shall I not have, by anticipation, answered your second,—and said that it is not immaterial? And again, if, answering in the negative, I say that the Soul *is not* material, shall I not have answered your second and superfluous question, and virtually pronounced it to be immaterial?

It appears to be as you say.

Thus, by dividing the question, we produce an illusion. *Immaterial* is in fact only *not material*. But, by this mode of expression, we clothe *negation* in the deceptive and counterfeit garb of *affirmation*; and give “to airy nothing,” if not “a local habitation,”\* yet “a name,” to which nothingness, or zero is not entitled.

Still I follow, not to arrest, but to accompany your progress.

We thus fancy that we have acquired some knowledge of what the soul *is*, when (even if

\* Nay, when we call the soul immaterial, we give to immateriality a local habitation, viz. the human body. And perhaps, in the case of soul, that mystery, and seeming contradiction, of immateriality, like matter, occupying space, does really exist. All I contend for is, that in this there is an abstruseness beyond human comprehension.

justified in negating its materiality) we have only at most discovered what *it is not*. When we say, "it is not material, but immaterial," we in fact commit the mere tautology of saying, "it is not material; but not-material."

This, I admit, is illusory.

If I tell a man who has never seen a tree, that it *is not* a rock, do I thereby furnish to his mind an idea of what it *is*?

Certainly not. To discover what a substance *is not*, is but a step in the investigation of what it *is*.

In like manner, if I say to a blind man that the sky is not earth, I make but a very scanty addition to his knowledge. Now, if wrapping my ignorance up in words, I prefer asserting, that earth is *terrene*, and sky *interrene*, or interrestrial, have I done more than translate into different language, my assertion that sky is not earth? Have I told what sky *is*? Nay, have I even told what it *is not*? Have I done more than said, that there is one thing (*viz.* earth) which it is not?

I begin to trust to your forebodings. At the very outset of our first excursion, you

observed, that we were but “entering a labyrinth; and might, after some unprofitable wandering, have to find ourselves at, or near, the point from which we started.”\*

Accordingly, what was our starting point?—A question as to the immateriality of Soul. And where are we now? Still surrounded by the doubts which we sought to solve; and groping and stumbling through the very porch and vestibule of our inquiry. Yet I would not pronounce that wandering to have been unprofitable, which ended in the sometimes valuable discovery, that ignorant we were, and that ignorant we must remain. But had Pope in no degree prepared you for the fulfilment of my prediction?

Set on metaphysic ground to prance;  
Show all his paces; *not a step advance*.†

Of the same warning character seem the following lines:

Mad Mathesis, at large, and unconfined,  
Too mad for mere *material chains* to bind,  
Now to *pure space* lifts her exstatic stare.‡

\* First Dialogue, page 7. † Dunciad, Book iv. ‡ Ibid.



Yes : that celebrated poet goes some way to support the adage, that there is nothing new under the sun ; and to show, that, accordingly, 1727 may find a mirror in 1835. If,

Physic of Metaphysic beg defence,

he suggests,

that Metaphysic call for aid, on sense.

Above all, he seems to complain, that the Scriptures are laid aside, and

Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,  
Shrinking to second causes, is no more ;  
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires ;  
And unawares Morality expires.\*

But while I am thus seconding so much of what you urge, let me confess that some portion of your reasoning appears to me to tend (though not at the expense of Religion,) to the side of materialism.

Then my arguments do injustice to the opinions which they are intended to support. According to me, those who dogmatically pro-

\* Dunciad, Book iv.

nounce of the human soul, that it is material, or who peremptorily insist upon its immateriality, are both wrong.

*Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit : unus utrique  
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.\**

Both confidently affirm that, which neither is demonstrated, nor perhaps is capable of demonstration. But what portion of my argument appears to have the tendency which you describe?

You profess to believe, or half to believe, in the occasional appearance of disembodied spirits.

I go, in this respect, the length to which Addison, in common with many of the pious, wise, and learned, has gone :† a length to which Holy Writ has commanded, and profane history and tradition have encouraged us to go. But how does such a belief favour the system of materialism? You admit that it does not favour it at the expense of revealed Religion.

\* Horace.

† Addison censures those, who “think the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless.”—*Spectator*, No. 110. First Dialogue, page 113.

Such a belief gives countenance to the doctrine of materiality, in this way. An apparition is a something which appears. To appear is to be visible. Matter, and nothing but matter, is the object of sight. Therefore, to be visible is to be material. Again, Tradition represents these apparitions, in some instances, to have spoken; i. e. to have given utterance to audible and articulate sounds. Now such utterance is an act of matter. To be audible is to be material.

I concede all this; but without joining in your conclusion. During life, the soul is arrayed in matter, viz. that which constitutes the body: yet may itself be (I do not say that it is, or that it is not,) immaterial. After death, might not the soul be clothed with matter, of a more attenuated nature? Nay, of such extreme tenuity, as in general to elude mere human vision; but capable, by God's permission, of being occasionally so condensed as to become visible, and of being rarified into invisibility, (if I may so express myself,) again. Might not this thin garment be either the permanent envelope of even immaterial

soul, or a covering which it was allowed, when expedient, to assume? Then such an aerial body, sufficiently material to make itself seen, might be so constituted, and have such powers, as should enable it to be heard: why should such spiritual substance be supposed fitted for communication with the human eye, yet wholly incapable of holding intercourse with the human ear?

And the representation, by disembodied spirit, of the dimensions, form and features of the deceased man: what have you to say, in explanation of this?

Nothing: beyond what may be collected from what I have said already. There are difficulties and objections in the way of believing in apparitions.

Then why do you believe in them?

Because there seem to me to be obstacles more insuperable, in the way of disbelief.

Will you suggest them?

Is not God a Spirit? Yet was He not seen and heard by Adam? Was He not visible and audible to Moses, in the burning bush? Did He not *call unto him*, out of the midst of the

cloud, with which Mount Sinai was covered? Out of the throne which was set in heaven, did not *voices*, as well as lightnings and thunderings, proceed? \* Was not the still small voice audible? and whence did it proceed? Did not a voice, uttering intelligible words, issue from amidst the brightness that struck Paul, dazzled, to the ground? Who will deny all this? Yet who will affect, presumptuously and profanely, to comprehend the nature of the Divine Substance, or pronounce it to be material?—Again, are not angels spirits? And have they not been seen and heard? Have they not questioned, instructed, commanded, and been understood? † To descend to human apparitions, was not Samuel seen, and heard, and conversed with, by the troubled Saul? ‡ Did not “*two men*,” one of whom was “*Moses*,” appear, and “*talk with*” Christ at His transfiguration? § Was not Moses dead and buried long before our Saviour’s birth? Have we heard from Scripture of the special resurrection

\* Revelations. † John, xx. 12, 13. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6, 7.

‡ 1 Samuel, xxviii.

§ Luke, ix. 30.

of the keeper of Jethro's flock? Or have we yet arrived at the general resurrection of the dead.\* Lastly, did not our Lord admit to his disciples, that the spirit of a dead man might be seen by his surviving friends?

I admit, that if your belief in the possibility of apparitions expose you to the charge of a leaning towards materialism, Addison's concurrence in this belief must expose him to a like charge.

I am glad you have made the observation; for it gives me an opportunity for reminding, or apprizing you, that Addison inclined to believe in the immateriality of soul; and, therefore, would not have admitted the possible existence of apparitions, if this admission were repugnant to such belief.

Then Addison considers the immateriality of the human soul as proved.

No: he does not go this length. He merely says, that "it has, he thinks, been evinced to *almost* a demonstration."†

\* See Appendix to Second Dialogue, A, page 73. Note.

† Spectator, No. III.

But this is no small length.

I agree with you, that it is not. But it is not unimportant to my purposes, to bear in mind what he has added. He distinctly lays it down, that “the immateriality of the soul is not “absolutely necessary to the eternity of its “duration.”\* Then extricating ourselves from entangling and unprofitable doubts and questions, let us pass to momentous and indisputable truths ; and reflectingly pronounce that the soul is responsible and immortal.

Responsible ! a consideration, as awful as it is true.

But for the Christian Dispensation, it would be worse than awful. It would conduct man to despair. But we have more than an Advocate, with God. We have a mediating advocacy, which Divine Mercy has created ; and to which Divine Justice, appeased and satisfied, must yield. Utterly destitute of any merits of our own, we are permitted to appropriate the merits of our Redeemer. Between innume-

\* Spectator, No: III.

rable and deadly sins, and the punishment which they would call for, we raise the shield of an ineffably benignant, and abundantly adequate atonement. That death unto sin, which we had to suffer, the Son of God has, in bitterness and ignominy, suffered for us. He has not only died for our sins : but he has risen for our justification. By the same mysterious power which lifted up himself, he at the same time raised his depraved and fallen servants : and has declared to them, that "*because* he *lives*, they, through him, shall also live." And for that overwhelming weight, with which we had been so heavily laden, and beneath the pressure of which we must have inevitably sunk, what is the light burthen, substituted by that (not the less free) gift, which the All-benevolent Donor sealed, in torture, with his blood? This easy, this alluring yoke consists of Faith, piously endeavouring to vouch its own existence, by bringing forth, however imperfectly, the fruit of works ; Meekness, conscious of Man's unprofitableness, and total and necessary want of all righteousness, beyond that which is imputed ; but at the same time,



exulting joyfully in the full and divine sufficiency of this; Charity, towards those, our fellow-creatures, “whom God so loved;” Hope, confident as humble, and fixing its “affections upon things above;” Love and Gratitude, deeply seated, unspeakable and pure; and as imperishable as the happiness which they aspire to; and for which both are more than due;—in these consists that heavenly yoke, which, properly viewed, forms a part of the mighty benefit that we have received.—Responsibility! —the word involves no menace to the faithful Christian. Awe puts off terrific, in the blest abodes.

There, in wise rapture whelm'd, we shall admire  
 The good sincere; the beautiful sublime,  
 That hath its awe, to elevate the soul;  
 But awe from terror free, and full of love.\*

\* ANONYMOUS VERSIFIER.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I looked into the Hebrew Bible, a few days ago, for the purpose of observing whether in Genesis ii. 7, in the second of the *supposed* instances in which נפש occurred, the *points* were different from what they were in the first. The consequence of this examination was my accidentally discovering that I had fallen into a mistake; and that the word which I supposed that I had met with twice in that verse, occurs but once.—The other word, which my Memory had confounded with it, was נשמה;—and to this extent I have to qualify and correct passages which will be found in Dialogue the First, page 56, (a note.) and Dialogue the Second, page 48 (the text.)—But I neither have to retract my assertion, that נפש seems equivalent to *πνευμα*,—nor have I fallen into any error which affects my arguments; or is in any way substantial. From Winer's Hebrew Lexicon, it appears—that נפש means, 1. *Spiratio, flatus, halitus*: 2. *anima*, quâ efficitur ut animantes vivant, cujusque indicium est halitus et spi-

ratio: hinc *vita*: 3. *animus*, quo sentiunt et appetunt homines: 4. *animans*: hinc *homo*.—**נשמה** means *halitus, spiritus* hominis, quo efficitur ut vivit; also *animus*.—Thus the affinity between **נפש** and **נשמה** is so close, that the meaning and interpretation of Genesis ii. 7, is not substantially different from what it would have been, if I had been right in supposing that **נפש** twice occurred.

THE END.



## APPENDIX.

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### A.

#### A SUPPLEMENTAL TALK,

BETWEEN P. P. AND W. C. S. \*

Referring to page 2.

P.—(musing.) It can open and shut its shell at will; and where there is volition, it would seem that there is thought. But an oyster can have very little mind, if it has any. It is shockingly stupid: a monstrous dull animal.

S.—I have had but little intercourse with this house of *Ostrea*; but as far as my experience goes, I am not disposed to differ from your estimate of their understanding. But Lord Botherton, Sir Foolery Fadaise, and Colonel Drowsypate, are not they “monstrous dull creatures?” They talk too; whereas the oyster is at least a wise-one of the second class.—“It has nothing to say; and it says nothing.”†

P.—I grant you all this: but what then?

\* *Puto fore*, (I address myself to the reader,) *ut, quum legcris, mirere, nos id locutos esse inter nos, quod numquam locuti sumus: sed nosti morem dialogorum.*—CICERO VARRONI.

† Dialogue the Second, page 34.

S.—I merely meant to introduce a question, whether it is upon the quantity of intellect, that the quality of mind depends? Whether, while the big and bright mind is immaterial, the little dim one is made of matter? Whether stupidity congeals and petrifies the soul to material grossness?—Descend from the dullest and least mental of your acquaintance, to the case of an absolute and admitted idiot; the descent may not be great, and yet may bring you to the intellectual level of the oyster. Then reascend, from idiocy or oystership, to the highest intellect that you have met with, and after this inspection of your psychometer, tell me what *degree* of intellect is to confer immateriality upon soul.

P.—I see your drift. You would bring the horse-tail argument to bear upon this subject: *demo unum: demo item unum*. I do not object to the proceeding; it is a fair one.

S.—I am sure you remember our poor friend *Comm*;\* both when he was an intelligent and far-famed huntsman, and when, after his fall and fracture,† he had become a moping and wandering idiot. Was his mind immaterial until his fall—and did it thicken to material, then? Nay, depend upon it, those who hold that nothing but immateriality can think, must bestow upon every thinking animal, an immaterial soul; and (if they add the belief, that immaterial must be immortal,) an immortal one:—and, accordingly, if they concede to an oyster, the faculty of thought, they must, to be consistent, hold, that

“ its single, half-smother'd, dim sparkle of mind,”

\* A fool so called. I suppose the name was an abridgement of Constantine, or Cornelius.

† Of the skull.

(to steal a line from a beautiful Poem of the late William Ball,)

is of a fabric, to which eternal life essentially belongs.

P.—Do you remember (this is not quite *à propos*,) what you said of Memory, in our first dialogue?

S.—I recollect that we spoke of Memory.

P.—In page 48, you will meet with the discussion.—On that subject I wish to ask you, have you ever, in rummaging your memory for a name, felt quite conscious that it consisted of (say) two syllables; and when afterwards, the object of this at first ineffectual search was found, have you always, or most generally, discovered—that the name did in fact consist of the number of syllables which you had supposed?

S.—I *have* experienced this. But what do you conclude?

P.—Nay, I come to no conclusion. I merely, in connexion with our former dialogue, wish to commemorate a fact; and in doing so, to contribute a mite of material, for future possible induction.

## B.

I have so nearly forgotten the very little algebra which I ever knew, that I cannot tell whether the following be a substantially legitimate equation, or even *quasi* equation. A regular and formal one—I believe it certainly is not.

Material—Matter=Immaterial.

If so,—then

Immaterial=Material—Matter.

Again, if so, Immaterial is absolute and mere negation; and though a negative *must* be contradictory, and *may* be

obstinate and perverse, I apprehend it cannot be positive. We might as well talk of material immateriality, as of positive negation.—Now of negative we have no *direct* idea. We see it (if we can be said to discern it) only through that, which it vanishes out of, and denies itself to be. It is the mere disappearance of something, which, in our mind's eye, we had seen. It is no otherwise than through matter, that we arrive at our obscure and dim notion of immaterial. We no otherwise perceive immaterial than by ceasing (or conceiving that we cease) to see matter; as we perceive darkness, by ceasing to see light.\*—Let us catch another analogous glimpse of the subject.

$$1-1=0$$

Or

$$0=1-1.$$

What is this, but to say, that in the numeral department, no such existence as zero is to be found? Who shall tell me what zero *is*? or more than what it *is not*? It is a general and abstract disclaimer of numerical existence. We but say to ourselves, in pronouncing it, “no imaginable number *is* zero;” or in other words, “zero *is not* any imaginable number.” Strike out the words “any imaginable number,”—and what does the assertion come to be? That zero *is not*.—Zero is the *vacuum* of numerical, as Immateriality is the vacuum of material existence.

First. Twice nought is nothing;†

Second. One and nought is one :

Third. Take nought from one, and one remains.

\* Which I am assuming to be (as I think it is,) visible.

† Twice nought is nothing—means nothing different from twice nought is nought.



What do these three propositions resolve themselves into and mean?

- First. That there is no such existence as a multiple of zero: no such thing as twice nought. That zero is not susceptible of multiplication; which is, in fact, but abridged or summary addition.
- Secondly. That we have no conception of one AND nought, as distinguished from our idea of one. That the conjunction, AND, is out of its place: for that we can form no notion of a *junction* of any thing with nothing. In short, this proposition but denies that zero possesses the property or susceptibility of being added. It but denies that (humanly speaking) this, or any property, can inhere in nothing. If it could, creation would have been something different from what it was. It would not have been the making something out of nothing: \* it would have been investing nothing with various qualities; and making **NIHI** the interior and central *ens, per se subsistens*, of the world.
- Thirdly. In like manner, the third proposition but strips zero of the usurped capability of being subtracted. It but asserts, that the active and transitive verb, TAKE, must have *something* to act upon; and that zero, on the contrary, is numerically *nothing*.

In the above propositions, too, it will be observed, that the limited nature of our comprehension forces us upon some inaccuracy of expression. Thus we seem, by them, to admit, that zero may be multiplied, added to, or subtracted from, a number; and we merely allege, that such addition, multipli-

\* Indeed everything, out of nothing.

ation, or subtraction will be unavailing, and of no effect. But what we *may*, substantially and with truth, deny,—is this; that zero is a subject, which can undergo the process of being added, multiplied, or subtracted.

Substitute *immateriality* for *zero*, and the above reasoning, if at all applicable, will apply to the *subject* (I dare not say *matter*) more immediately before us.

Still, let me be understood. That beyond the precincts of what I have called *perceivable* matter, there may be—nay, that there is, and must be—created substance, I do not deny. Again, that beyond the precincts of matter, whether perceivable or not, there may be created substance, of a nature so different from matter, that when we become acquainted with its essence, we shall at once deny it to be material; and accompany this perception of what it *is not*, with a knowledge and assertion of what it *is*, and what powers and faculties it is capable of supporting,—this I do not controvert. That amongst substances of this class, may be found that wonderful and intelligent one, which constitutes human mind, I do not deny. I but seek to distinguish *MAY BE* from *IS*. I but try to define and insist upon the limits between affirmation and negation; and as words should represent ideas, and ideas can but be the produce of Understanding, I call on men to confine their assertions within the sphere of their understanding. I but guard them against supposing that they inform us what a substance is, (or even that it *is*,) by explaining to us what *it is not*. I but protest against its being held, that we can even pronounce an imagined subject *not to be* another, until we know precisely what that other *is*. For example, that we cannot affirm that *x* (the unknown algebraic subject of inquiry) is not matter, so long as we are ignorant what matter is; and that in this ignorance we must remain involved, until we are able to trace the limits of material existence; and to say what is, and what is not, within that (to us yet unexplored and inexplorable)

boundary line.—If we say that a flower *is* red, we imply a knowledge of the colour, *red*. In like manner, if we say that it *is not* blue, do we not thereby claim to be acquainted with the colour *blue*?—For *blue* substitute *matter*, in order that my reasoning may apply.

In sensation and reflection, originate our ideas; and the knowledge which they combine and associate, to form.

But is not sensation the grand source of reflection? Exclusively of Divine impressions and Revelation, may it not be the ultimate and primary source of human knowledge? supplying the crude materials, on which digestive Reflection has to act?—The blood, the nervous fluid, the brain,—these are all widely different from our—or our parents'—food; that daily bread, which we owe to the same paternal bounty, to which we are indebted for mind and body,—life and thought. But yet is it not of this daily bread, that the blood, (“which is the life,”) the nervous fluid, and—that tool and instrument of thought—the brain, were formed, and are repaired?—Reflection! What is reflection, but a sort of spiritual rumination? And what but our senses, operated upon by matter, supply the mental end? I think it was Me. de Maintenon who, when dying, said—“how much I am about to learn!”\* But we are not only impatient, but presumptuous. We affect to read, while yet alive, a book of knowledge, the very alphabet of which we have to learn from “The Great Teacher.”† Man not only “cannot see God, and live;” but there is much which he cannot know, until he has ceased to live.—A part of this *much*—seems to be the essence of the human mind. With this, upon our death, we *perhaps* may become acquainted. But in the mean time, from *Itself* I learn, that I am not yet acquainted with it.

\* Que de choses,—or combien de choses,—je vais apprendre!

† Death.

## C.

W. C. Search presumes, that the publication in this small volume, of certain rhymes, (they do not deserve the name of poems,) written by its author, will put an end to the rumour, that this author is a *judicial* W. C. S.—Can it be supposed, that such sentiments as are to be found in ‘*Orange and Green, ‘Country,’* the lines ‘*to the White Lily,*’ and those ‘*to the Lilies,*’ were deliberately expressed by one, of whom it has been said, that “his object,” even when at the Bar, “had been “to halloo on, those who joined with him in the fiendish cry “of religious intolerance, and excitement of one class of religious professors against another? \* What could be worse, than “to prevent a reconciliation between different classes of Christians?”—One of whom it has been said, that “his perverse “and mischievous object was, to rouse the very worst passions “of the people. That he ought to be, not upon the bench, “but in the dock. That he never was admitted, by the “person who thus drew his character, to be a man of “integrity, an impartial judge, a learned judge, a good lawyer, “a man of enlarged views, or who understood the law of “the land. That he prejudged every case; was a professed “partisan; and that any military officer, under the coercion “bill, would make a better judge.”—It is true, that I cannot go the length of saying, that the Public do not entertain a widely different opinion of this judicial W. C. S.; or that the addresses to him did not give him a widely different character.

\* Quære, Whether the above sentence, and most of what follows, under inverted commas, have no tendency to *halloo on* some thousands, or hundred thousands, of the millions, of whose force and excitation we hear so much, against the character and life of a public man, *so described*; and the description coming from one whose influence with those millions is unbounded?

on an experience of thirty years. It is true, that this "intolerant hallooer" against Catholics, as soon as the relief bill passed, returned Catholics in four counties, out of the five of which the circuit consisted, the first in his list, to serve the office of Sheriff;—and it is also true, that the Judge, of whom the above not too complimentary description was given, is said, upon another occasion, and, as is commonly supposed, by the same person, to have "filled the bench, as it ought to be filled; "to be a truly learned judge; one of dignified impartiality; "and this impartiality graced," (c' est un peu fort,) "by almost "superhuman talent; his great mind being brilliant, precious, "inestimable, as the diamond."—If both those characters were true, I should say, that never was there so extraordinary a personage, as he to whom they appertained. But I am disposed to say, with little hesitation, that neither character is a just one. That one is much too high; the other quite unfounded, and too bad. I farther hope and think, that neither W. C. S. the Judge, nor W. C. S. the Rambler, is less than an honest, rational, well-intentioned man.—As to conjecturing that the W. C. S. in the title-pages, is not, with the aid of his friend P. P., the author of these Rambles, there is no limit, once we get into them, to surmises. There be those who will have it, that the writer of the Waterford critique, (noticed in p. 86, & seq. of Second Dialogue,) bears a name, or names, of which the initials are D. O. C.

#### D.

I have already noticed a criticism which appeared in an Irish journal, and which represented me as having borrowed largely from Butler's Analogy; a work of which I had not ever, nor yet have, read a line.—I find the *Athenæum* describing me as of the *Burton School*. I may not be able to tell precisely,

whether the article (which was of Irish parentage, or extraction,) meant the Judge, or the Anatomist.\* With the former, though my opinion of his knowledge and understanding must be high, my intercourse is so *slight* and *rare*, that ours may be said to approach to the very *immateriality* of acquaintance. Of the Anatomist, I have no more read the work, (though I believe it to be in my collection,) than I have that of the Analogist; and, in not reading it, am assured that I have lost or postponed some entertainment. The contributor to the *Athenæum* proceeds to describe me as “a quaint humourist.” If this mean a priggish and queerly tempered oddity, my friends do not think me so, in the social intercourse of private life. Whether I appear so, in these Rambles, it will be for their readers to pronounce. At all events, I would rather be priggish, than profane; and prefer the unmerited character of a quaint humourist, to the earned one of a flippant Infidel. ostentatious of unbelief.

## E.

## THE RIGHTS OF WATERS,

## A FABLE.

INTENDED AS A COMPANION TO PAINE'S FABLE OF

## THE RIGHTS OF MAN.†

*Flumina—quid rides? mutato nomine, de L.  
Fabula narratur.* HOR.

From that famed well, my watery precepts glide,  
Where Naiad Truth is stated to reside.  
Laugh not, ye wild Reformists;‡ those who view,  
My streams with care, will see, reflected, *you*.

In I know not what century after the flood, (the reader can look into Blair's chronology,) a spirit of tumult and philosophy

\* Of melancholy.

† See page 45, of this Dialogue. The Rights of Waters form the allegory there promised.

‡ This translation of the motto, stands exactly as it appeared in print, in 1792.

is said to have moved upon the face of the waters. Rivers, which, and this could not be from want of reflection,\* had been quietly advancing within their banks for ages, now discovered themselves to be in such a state of depravity, as required a recurrence to first principles, for its cure; and Rights of Waters were making a rapid progress through the globe.† It was argued, that this confinement within banks, was a restraint which they had heedlessly imposed upon themselves, contrary to the liberal intentions of Nature. They were created fountains; with equal natural rights; and deemed it expedient to go back to their sources, as the only means of accurate investigation. They could not see why some particles of water should be thrust down by others, no better than themselves. Their forerunners, it was true, had been submitting to this coercion, time out of mind. But what was this to them? The rights of living waters must not be thus controlled and sported away.‡ Divisions of water, into lakes and rivers, springs and puddles, they unanimously decried, as mere civil, artificial, and fantastical distinctions; and pushed their researches to that early period, when water came from the hands of its maker. What was it then? Water.—Water was its high and only title.§

Now a rumour went, that, in the time of Noah, a great aquatic revolution had taken place; when all things were reduced to a philosophic level. Beneath the sanction of which precedent, it was agreed on by the rivers, that they would not

\* For rivers can reflect; and so can wells; as Narcissus, and neglected Echo, knew.

† When he wrote this fable, the Author did not foresee, that the *Rights of Rivers* would be so strenuously asserted in the political world, as they since have been. Not many months ago, with reference to the opening of the Scheldt, the expression of *Rights of Rivers* was familiar to every ear.—*Note to Second Edition, published in 1793.*

‡ See Paine's Fable of the Rights of Man.

§ “If we proceed on, we shall at last come out right. We shall come to the time, when Man came from the hands of his Maker. What was he then? Man.—Man was his high and only title.”—*Paine's Rights of Man.*

be imprisoned within banks any longer; nor driven headlong in one direction, at the arbitrary will of fountains; but would shed their last drop, in asserting the rights of waters.

Obscure as to his origin,\* ungovernable in his temper, and a leveller in principles, Nilus led the way, and Egypt was covered with an inundation. Every cultivated inequality was overwhelmed; and all distinction levelled to uniformity. Nature was supposed to have resumed her rights; and Philosophy admired the grand simplicity of ruin. When lo! the tide of tumult ebbed; and eminences were seen to get their heads above water. The party was daily continuing to gain ground; and all things tended to a counter-revolution. What had first been deemed the effort of enlightened virtue, was now looked on as the rush of inconsiderate violence. What originally seemed calculated to further the views of Nature, was now seen to be directed in opposition to her will. While events had, in the meantime, been suggesting her omnipotence:—that to combat her was dangerous; and to conquer her impossible.

Such was the result, and the moral of this enterprise.—His forces all subdued, impoverished and languid,—the baffled Nile retreated to his channel: after having, by his hostile descent, reluctantly served and strengthened the landed interests of Egypt; though, like the commotions of the Seine, this also produced monsters.†

\* *Arcanum Natura caput non prodidit ulli;  
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.*

LUCAN.

† The mud, deposited by the Nile, was supposed to engender monsters.



## F.

## THE HILL OF GOVERNMENT,

## A VISION.\*

*This is a strange repose ! to be asleep,  
With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep !*

TEMPEST.

Since the first introduction of periodical writings, it has been the constant and undisputed privilege of their authors, to dream with a degree of method, unknown to all but themselves. Indeed this literary franchise could be traced still higher ; for the doings of Homer have been long upon record ;† and his celestial visions are noticed by Longinus.‡

I therefore claim to sleep with my fathers : to dream with no less accuracy than they have done ; and to inherit those air-built castles, which make so principal a part of an author's patrimony. Nor should modern Reformists contest my right to this incorporeal hereditament ; since, who more visionary than themselves ?§

Overlooking actual good, they contemplate "air-drawn" mischief ; and fall on real evils, in shunning illusive forms, which a factious second-sight enables them to discern.

As I was lately thinking on a subject for my next paper, my meditations strayed insensibly to a revery ; which latter conducting to a slumber, I seemed suddenly to hear the striking of oars upon water ; and raising my head, found myself in a spacious bay, on board a boat, which was making for the nearest

\* This is the vision promised in page 45.

† *Dormitat Homerus.*—HOR.

‡ Τον Διοξ ενουπνιαν.—LONGINUS.

§ This was published in 1792.

point of land. The shores on either side were picturesque, and cultivated; and at the extremity of the harbour lay a town,\* which, reflecting the rays of the sun as it rose, was gradually lighted up to a most dazzling brightness. While I was admiring this natural fire-work, we di-embarked; when, as surprise is an emotion, rarely excited by the occurrences (however uncommon) of a dream, I calmly inquired of the mariners, upon what coast they had landed us; and had scarcely been informed that this was the land of Liberty, before I saw the Goddess descending from an adjacent hill. She was habited like a mountain Nymph;† and in her look there was an expression, of blended modesty and spirit, the most attractive that can be conceived. In her right hand she held a wand, from whose point there issued a bright and steady flame; while her left grasped a scroll, which, as she came nearer, I perceived to consist of the Great Charter, and the Bill of Rights. She was accompanied by the Genius Rekub;‡ and attended by a troop of Africans, who wore upon their heads the symbols of acquired freedom.§

She welcomed me to the island, with acknowledgments of my zeal; lamented that Faction was not yet suppressed within her territories; and having recommended me to the care of the Genius, left us.—Rekub, turning upon me a countenance, that beamed with the most intelligent benignity, offered to be my guide, whilst I should ascend the heights of Government, and reconnoitre the motions of the domestic Foe.¶

Within view of where we stood, several highways, leading from different quarters of the island, terminated in a common

\* Dublin.

† The Mountain Nymph—sweet Liberty.

MILTON.

‡ Burke.

§ Pilei.

¶ Faction.

point, at the Hill of Government; and were thronged with passengers, on their way thither: concerning whom I remarked, that whilst upon some of the roads they were habited in black, those on others being in arms, and military array, made an extremely brilliant and lively appearance.

The country which lay between, filled the eye very agreeably. Broken into inequalities, sheltered with trees, and glittering with streams of water,—intersected by inclosures, and scattered over with buildings, it exhibited all the comfortable gradations, between competence and grandeur.

Shunning therefore the bustle of a public road, we sought, amongst these retreats, a passage to the hill; pursuing our way along by-paths, from which, as they lay amongst groves, and on the banks of rivers, by castles and cottages, through scenes of rich cultivation, or elegant retirement, the eye unwillingly endured those glimpses of the mount, and the highways, which broke transiently in upon this rural scene.

During our journey, we sometimes met the emissaries of Faction; who, preaching insurrection to such groups as they could collect, assured their audience, that notwithstanding the wealth, freedom, and security, with which they suffered themselves to be deluded, they were in fact the most miserably oppressed wretches in existence; and must so continue, unless they would desert their tillage, and, going upon the highway, assist some patriotic citizens, who were employed in levelling the Hill of Government; which they asserted not to be a natural excrescence; but a mound, thrown up by some tyrant invaders, to awe the people.

I could not observe that those preachers were successful. The country-folk seemed to listen with astonishment and contempt; and except a few stragglers, who, averse from industry, and in want of occupation, went with them upon the high-road, they made no proselytes.

One indeed there was, who by a simplicity of expression

that resembled truth, and a sharpness of style which might be mistaken for eloquence, had not only attracted a numerous audience, but was listened to with uncommon, and dangerous attention. This man, as we drew near, betrayed symptoms of embarrassment; and after making a sudden pause in his discourse, to my great surprise, resumed it to the following effect.

[*P. S.*—*The reader will take notice that I am still asleep ; and shall dream through another paper, for his edification and amusement.*]

#### DREAM CONTINUED.

*You do yet taste  
Some subtleties O' THYSELF, that will not let you  
Believe things certain.*

TEMPEST.

“Are you then the dupes of such sophistry as mine? Is  
“not the boldness, with which *I* defame your constitution, a  
“striking proof of the free principles which pervade it? In  
“such incendiaries as myself, behold the symptoms of excess—  
“give freedom! Yet it is the supineness of your government,  
“which permits us to scatter flames. We are *answered* from  
“the press, when we should be *silenced* by the law: your rulers  
“seek to *convince*, where they ought to *coerce*: to persuade  
“men through their reason, whom they should control through  
“their fears.”

His audience having listened to this strange clause in his harangue, long enough to satisfy the wonder it excited, were now dispersed; when turning to Rekub, to inquire the meaning of such extraordinary candour, I observed his arm extended; and saw something in his air and manner, which explained to me, that by means of a preternatural ascendant, he had compelled the agitator to utter truths, which it was his interest to conceal.

We were now drawing near the Hill of Government; and as we approached the junction of the great roads, our landscape, though enriched with structures of more splendour, had proportionally lost of the elegant privacy, which charmed us at our outset; being intersected by cross-ways, and exposed to interruption, from the clamorous and bustling neighbourhood of Ambition. To our left, however, we perceived a wood;\* to which, besides its promising a renewal of that retirement, from which we had emerged, and affording a passage of sufficiently gradual access to the hill, we were attracted by a soft and harmonious sound;† which, issuing from thence, was borne to us upon the same winds, that shook the trees with a gentle agitation. Thither we directed our steps; and ascended the hill through the consecrated Groves of Science. Rekub was known and honoured in these retreats:‡ but Curiosity forbad our stay,—and we issued forth upon the mount; which, thrown up by Nature, and improved by Art, combined the appearances of a fortress, and a hill.

It was thronged with people, richly drest, and all in motion: some ascending the summits with rapidity and ease,—others climbing slowly, and with seeming toil; and others, again, tumbling, amidst the scorn of such as had kept their footing better: the whole forming a scene, which, for airiness and bustle, I do not think could be easily exceeded.

We now directed our eyes to the right, and overlooked the plains of *Faction*; which were covered with noisome vapours,

\* *Spissæ nemorum comæ.*

HOR.

† ————— *testudinis aureæ*

*Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas.*

HOR.

‡ The University.

At the base of the 700 ft. of the B. L. section was a  
thinly bedded, yellowish, clayey sandstone, which con-  
tained a few small, rounded pebbles of quartz and the most  
fragile of fossils. The fossils, which were covering for a  
few feet, were of the same type as those found in the  
B. L. section, and were of the same size. Beyond this region  
the fossils were of the same type, and were of the same size.  
The fossils were of the same type, and were of the same size.  
The fossils were of the same type, and were of the same size.

Their camp was a scene of selfishness and intoxication, produced by the want of rights of an enterpriser, with which they were supplied from its adjacent stores; and which, though I readily know to be heartiness, they swallowed greedily for public spirit. Of the victims who perished in consequence of its venom, their leaders piled heaps, that should facilitate their own ascent: a practice, however, studiously concealed from the survivors. Amongst these leaders there was one, whom Rekub called *Impostore*,—who fixed me by a smile, the most treacherous I have ever seen, and which perverted every sentiment of confidence within me. It was the repose of muscle, in which Mischief rests from toil, and bask in emanations of intense malevolence: the same malignant brightness, which may be supposed to have lighted up the features of the Arch-foe, when our first parents fell from their obedience. From the painful fascination which this smile produced, I was roused by a bustle in the Camp, announcing the

ward of the *Grands Aupres*,\* in which I quickly recognised an orator, the line of whose eloquence had been so refracted by the influence of *Rekola*, and whose present reputation marked him for a Chief of note amongst the factions. From their camp my attention was now however drawn, to a group of men upon the hill, who had ascended by the legitimate roads, but being unable to keep pace with their fellows, or by means of some false step, having fallen behind, seceded as disgust, and formed a party on the rocks which overhung the Rebel camp. From thence they held communication with those below, lending the hand to some, to assist them in scaling, and encouraging in with the language of approbation. Now, some amongst them leaped, in a seeming frenzy, from the precipice, and were received by those beneath, with shouts of triumph and exultation.

Time not permitting to dwell longer on this scene, we turned to ascend the hill, and adjoined towards an edifice, situated mid way between its base and summit. It was raised upon a level spot, and this façade of the building, with its dome and colonnade, reminded me of something I had seen elsewhere.†

As we approached it, *Rekola* thus addressed me. — "This level this hill could be fearless hall, if such were, indeed, the intention of the factions. The soil we tread, is pregnant with an active principle, which could speedily throw up another edifice, in its stead. But much skill has been successfully employed, to adapt the present mound to the purposes of safety, and security of national happiness and freedom. I should therefore regret its destruction. I should regret to lose those improvements, which must perish in its

\* *Prace*.

† The Parliament House.

“ fall ; and should mourn the precariousness of human provisions, when I beheld inequality restored, by a rude and monstrous heap, thrust forth by Nature, to supply its place ;—but “ destitute of those social ornaments, and accommodations, “ which the gradual art of ages had produced.

“ The heights on which we stand, are of volcanic origin. “ They were raised in the struggles, and heated expansion of “ human violence ; and, in early times, were alternately the “ seat of conflicting Force, and arbitrary Power. But the “ explosions are no more ; and nothing can now be seen, but “ verdure and fertility. Nay, those desolating floods, which “ overran its sides, have ultimately, perhaps, served to connect “ the hill with the adjoining country ; and break the inaccessible abruptness of its precipices, to acclivities of easier ascent, “ for those who approach it from the territories that lie beneath.

“ Look round upon the island. Except those tedious and “ pestilential flats, which are ranged by the tumultuous clans of “ Faction, how gradual is the descent from its summit to its “ sides ! What easy access can Freedom have, to every, the “ remotest corner of her dominions, along the gently sloping “ paths of gradual subordination !

“ But let us not be deceived in the objects of the Factious. “ They do not wish to demolish ; but to occupy : not to dis- “ mantle the fortress ; but to garrison it themselves : not to “ level the hill of government ; but to hurl Freedom from her “ throne ; and exalt Despotism in her stead. I speak of the “ leaders. The thoughtless multitude is guiltless of design. “ Their crime extends not beyond the savageness of the mo- “ ment. They are frequently as innocent of the ends they “ bring about, as the instrument which is used to perpetrate a “ murder. The explosion of their violence does but carry “ home the mischief, which engineers of faction point against “ the state.”

Whilst he spoke, we had arrived ; and, on entering the



temple, were again cheered with the presence of Liberty. She was occupied in superintending the affairs of the island; which were administered by three delegates, who sat beneath; and whose countenances were contrasted, with singular variety.\*

These three having debated every measure, the decree when agreed on, was executed by the first; who was distinguished from the others by a crown. But I could not observe, that, with the Goddess who presided, any one of these deputies was a greater favourite than the rest.

I cannot say how much farther my slumbering observations might have proceeded, if I had not been startled by what seemed a cry of "the dome is on fire!"† when, raising my head, I found that my hair, as I nodded, had caught fire at a candle; and my servant (though a Frenchman,) was extinguishing the flames.

## G.

## TO THE PATRIOT.‡

*Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti,  
Sufficit una domus.*

JUVENAL, SAT. 13.

Would you the manners of your species know?  
To any neighbouring mansion let us go:  
The baby scenes of passion, acted there,  
Of Earth's vast drama just abridgements are.

ANON.

March 2d, 1793.

SIR,

To the pleasure which I have derived from the perusal of your essays, you must attribute the trouble of my present letter.

\* Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy.

† This paper was written, not very long after the dome of the Irish Parliament House had taken (or was set on) fire.

‡ This is one of the Essays, promised in page 45.

I would lay before you the result of some observations, to which the purport of those essays led.

The mass of Society, I apprehend to be formed by the insensible growth of families to tribes; and gradual accumulation of these latter into nations. From whence it would follow, that public government is a multiple of private sway; and thus the topics, on which I write, will become altogether pertinent.

For as small states have been held the fittest for the instruction of politicians, may not the petty arrangements of domestic regulation, and miniature control which presides in private companies, also furnish principles of wider application? I have, therefore, assumed the task of suggesting those analogies, and enabling you to publish my discoveries.

I shall first bring before you, my friend *Mr. Tamely*, in his capacity of *Paterfamilias*; and sketch the constitution of his household.

During the commencement of a reign which lasted somewhat longer than that of Edward the Fifth, his efforts were directed to the population of his empire; and these have finally been crowned with tolerable success. But, strange as it will appear, his authority diminished, in proportion as he became the father of his people. The family constitution was insensibly deranged; and the government, lodged seemingly in the hands of two, might be thought, by a hasty observer, to be consular. But, at best, it was the Consulate of *Cæsar* and of *Bibulus*; and, as the Romans recorded the usurpation which occurred in their time, by dating from the consulate of *Julius* and *Cæsar*,\* so the household authority, which I am describing, might be termed the reign of *Henrietta* and of *Loverule*; this being *Mrs. Tamely's* maiden name.

\* Suetonius, *Jul. Cæs.* c. 20.

Affairs being thus circumstanced, you will anticipate the conclusion. He has long since named *Her Effeminacy* Dictatress ; a step which I will confess myself to have advised ; and for which the tumults of the marriage *State* very loudly called. The event has in some sort justified my counsels ; for matters now proceed with sufficient smoothness ; insomuch that, unless the Lady should herself abdicate, I apprehend the dignity will be perpetual.\* So long as the power was apparently divided, the family quiet was continually disturbed, by the lady's jealousy of her yokemate's claims, and stratagems to exalt her own ascendancy ;—and the subject groaned beneath that suspicious harshness, which arises from the, fearfulness of Precarious Authority. But now that her supremacy is fixed and recognised, she can exercise all the clemency of secure and satisfied ambition. Yet, as if the more effectually to verify my system, she sometimes regrets her former indirect control ; and, waving the exertion of her acknowledged privilege, disclaims “having any will but that of Mr. Tamely ; or wish beyond the freedom that every woman ought to have :” a claim of dominion, by the way, which is thoroughly *à la Française*.—Power, she knows, is bounded, by being constituted and recognised ; and she broods upon a sentiment which fell from me ;—that “the authority of Magistrates is better than that of Demagogues ; and the majesty of a King than the terrors of a Lord Protector ; or lurking despotism of a National Convention.”†

Do not hastily accuse me, then, of abetting tyranny—though

\* As it became, in the case of Julius Caesar.

† I suspect that those are mistaken, who suppose the Convention to be the seat of that power, which now rules France with such despotic rigour. The supreme power I take to be lodged, for the present, with the Mob ; (I ask pardon, I mean the People.) Or, if a portion of it be vested in any members of the Convention, it is only because these same persons happen to be mob-leaders. Their power does not flow from their constitutional situation of legislators.—See the last mandate, issued to them, by the Federates, to forbear prosecuting the assassins of the Second of September.

I should have contributed to Mrs. Tamely's greatness; but, now that the facts which form my premises are stated, hearken patiently to my conclusions.—That, as of Power, it is the substance which is formidable, not the name,—and as Despotism is usually aggravated by being latent, (the unacknowledged Tyrant being instigated to cruelty by his jealousies, while he is exempted from the check of shame by his concealment;) the title should therefore follow the reality of Power. Its rigour should be softened, by exposure to public notice. In a word, it is desirable that Despotism should project a shadow, which may warn the Inadvertent, when they come within its reach.

Let us now, Sir, enlarge the field of observation; and, extending our inquiries beyond a single family, contemplate the more spacious circles of society: examine that federative system, which forms a neighbourhood; and investigate those governments, which may be termed convivial. Or, appropriating a more technical dialect to my art, let us say, that, having considered the *thoral* system, we shall now proceed to study the *mensal* constitutions.

At dinner lately, with my old acquaintance, Mildworth, my new theory floating in my brain, and converting into proofs all the objects that lay round me, I assumed the following principles for a foundation. That the government, which regulates convivial meetings, is not tintured with any properties of feodality; but may be fairly classed amongst the democratic forms. The guests enjoy equal rights and privileges in conversation: while, in the capacity of Stadtholder to these united families, the Entertainer upholds their federative connexion; and clothes and keeps on foot a standing army, for the public service.\* As for those Inquisitors, who went round

\* The servants or footmen attending at table.

the table, and detected and betrayed the secrets of the company,\* I thought them as consistent with a republican form, as the Committee of Research, established amongst the French; and with respect to the despotic character of such establishments, your seventh number had already taught me, that Democracy and Despotism are in no sort incompatible.

In this theory, perhaps, I was not much mistaken. Perhaps those parlour usurpations, which I am about to state, are the natural produce of a too popular constitution; and that the arbitrary conduct of *Sir Blutero Rumbledon*, a Mensagogue who sat beside me, was no more than an epitome of that which Demagogues exert,† in their wider sphere of action.

Let this be as it may, I soon perceived that he was the ruler of the table: that his word was the law; and that no man's property in conversation was secure, from the effects of his extortion, and extravagance. Modest Knowledge faultered in his presence: Contradiction fell before him; and Truth was overwhelmed in the tempest of his assertions. A monopolist of uproar, his avarice grasped at syllables; while stunning with interruption, and burglariously entering the precincts of your discourse, he wrung your story from your mouth, to the last sentence; and disembogued it on his hearers, with the most vociferous profusion. Nay, however small your means in conversation,—though you were but provided with a dozen sentences, for chequering the dull solemnity of your silence, and scantily supplying the wants of the afternoon, he had no compassion,—no discrimination;—but with fiscal barbarity, levied your little all.

“*Nit habuit Codrus: quis enim negat? at tamen illud*

“*Perdidit Infelix totum nihil.*”†

\* The Decanters. *Aperit præcordia Liber.*—Hor. *Fino tortus.*—Ibid.

† Juvenal, Sat. 3.

Having ascertained the exorbitance of this usurper's power, I began to consider what the means were, that upheld it; and was about to raise my voice, in the cause of liberty of speech, and equality of audience, when the Mensagogue took his hat, and left the room. He was followed by *Mr. Hangeron*; whose attempted assumptions of the talkative sceptre I have forborne to notice;—because, when he seemed to wrest it from the hand of Rumbledon, he in fact meant to fix it more firmly in his grasp: his interruptions resembling those of a tragedy confidante; or the blows which a boy gives the hoop that he is chasing, when he perceives it slackening in its career.

The Tyrant was removed, but the tyranny continued; and was exercised less terribly by his successor, *Vanalltalk*; who now ascended the vocal throne, and governed the table with the proudest suavity of manner.

I did not survive his reign; but seeing no chance of obtaining the ear of the assembly, (for I, too, was desirous to usurp attention,) I left him discoursing, and wearily took my leave.

In addition to the reflections supplied me by the *Tamelys*, (as that despotism is aggravated by concealment,) and which were also in some sort applicable here, I could not help observing, as I returned home, on the abuses to which popular governments are exposed.—I felt that the oppressions of Sir Blatero, and Vanalltalk, were the natural consequences of that Democratic principle, which too eminently distinguishing the mensal constitutions, gives no check to the usurping inclinations of some men; but leaves their tyrannic humour an unbounded range. Besides, as I have said, the table despotism is too concealed.—The Mensagogue will play the tyrant, and engross the whole discourse, in asserting the rights of guests, and the freedom of conversation.

On the whole, Sir, I not only subscribed to the definition, which, in your eighth number, you give of Government, that

"it is a mound, which the Divinity of human Reason, has flung on the enormity of human Violence,"—but, persuaded that a lofty, and firm-set throne—is the best security for public freedom, I heartily wished Mildworth had been King, instead of Stadtholder; and entrusted with that social sceptre called the hammer,—so conducive to good order, in some convivial meetings.

The next day Mildworth called upon me, bringing a pamphlet in his pocket, which he recommended to my attention. Occupied at the moment, in writing you this letter, I hastened to communicate my system to my friend; who, though he smiled at its singularity, did not controvert its truth; but even furnished me with means of rendering the theory more complete. Your analogies, said he, will bear to be detailed, without the slightest deviation from the truth. These latent tyrannies pervade familiar life; and are continually found lurking, beneath every surface of equality. What is the Valetudinarian, who terms peevishness ill health, and subdues us to his whims, with the aid of our own pity? What the forward infant, that squalls us into compliance with its helpless commands? or the mother, who, declaring herself a slave to her children, lashes them into silence, without investigating their wants? What is Bess Flippant, when checking the remark that has half issued from your lips, she raises a sneer against your knowledge, by avowing her own ignorance? These are all equals, or inferiors, in appearance; tyrants in substance and effect: the more completely rulers, for seeming it the less.

What is the lively Dunce, who having heard that simplicity attends on talent, and that learning is incompatible with knowledge of the world,—who knowing himself to be ignorant, concludes he must be shrewd, and presumes, from your acuteness, that you want common discernment,—and who, building his conduct on this vulgar basis, seeks to dupe you, in the

civilest, and grossest manner possible? regarding you, in the ordinary intercourse of life, as a mass of brilliant incapacity, and harmless infatuation? Will such a man set up for more than being your equal? or will he be found to be less than your oppressor?

Trust me, continued Mildworth, this calumnious maxim, which Dulness first invented, and the modest indolence of talent has let grow, (that Wisdom is not dexterous in the common business of life, but that this, to go on smoothly, should be left to Cunning,) besides helping to substantiate your ironical analogies, has been productive of serious and extensive evil. By lifting arrogant Stupidity to the elevated ranks of life, appointing it to preside over the interests of nations, and regulate the practical concerns of Government, (while Genius is left to pine and speculate in obscurity,) we have inverted the wholesome progress of our nature, towards that glorious inequality, which is the perfection of the species; and have prepared the minds of many to receive the nonsense of Thomas Paine,—who, under other circumstances, and surrounded with other prospects, would have instantly shrunk from its mischievous absurdity.

I was about, interrupted I, taking advantage of a pause, to proceed regularly in that system, which strikes you as ludicrous; and having traced domestic sway, from the interior of a house, to the wider circle of a neighbourhood, I meant next to detect the latent despotism of acquaintanceship; and examine that modification of it, which modern Irony terms friendship. I could shew it to be a tyranny, the more oppressive in its nature, because in governing you, this Patron\* affects to be your equal: a circumstance, favourable still to my analogies;

\* A Patron and a gaol.

JOHNSON.



and consistent with the reflections which I made at Castle Tamely.

Severe and parsimonious economists of kindness, of counsel these friends are indeed liberal to profusion.\* This they oftentimes enclose in sarcasm, and bestow in public. It seems, said Mildworth, from your account, that the amical domination resembles that which was exercised at Rome, by virtue of a particular decree of the Senate. *Ne quid detrimenti capias*, appears to be the object of this friendly control. But it is their vanity, replied I, which invests them with their command; and the character of their criminal system is most despotic. They will sentence you to infamy, by a slander de cachet. Besides, they plunder you of your confidence; and repay it with reserve: acknowledge your good sense, without attending to your opinion: confess their own infirmities; and dictate their advice. If a charge be made against you, which their own conduct has encouraged, they will treacherously enter on your defence; in order to terminate their degrading vindication, with a *sed tamen* which shall subvert it all.† Meantime, they have entangled you in a mesh of petty obligations: have confined you to their empire, by the magic of long habit: have encircled you, so as to debar others from your access. Whatever ill they report of you—obtains credit, as coming from persons whose partialities are in your favour.—Come,

\* De tous les services, que l'Homme peut rendre au prochain, il n'en est point, ou il se porte avec plus de plaisir, et de satisfaction, qu' à donner un conseil: car, outre que cela ne lui coûte rien, il donne encore par là, de l'ençens à son propre esprit. Certainement la promptitude qu' on temoigne à conseiller les autres, est une marque de la presumption qu' on a de sa propre capacité; et une sincere amitié y a souvent la moindre part: car le conseil en bien des rencontres est le fruit d' une amitié tiede, et tient lieu de bonne volonté à celui qui n'a pas envie de nous rendre d' autre service.—*Pensées d' Oxeustirn*.

† Vide Hor. lib. 1, Sat. 4, l. 96, &c.

ad *Milworth*, you shall take a walk.—We will finish these discussions in the open air. By the time we reached the banks of the canal, I had run through my syllabus; and found my companion holding the following discourse.

In stating the abuses, which pervade the various domestic establishments, you appear to insinuate what I take to be true;—that we are apt to attribute to the defects of our constitution, evils which, in fact, have their origin in our nature. When Official Dulness stalks scornfully by my side, or affable Folly insults with condescension, my love for the constitution loses somewhat of its strength. It fades, for a moment, in the heat of my resentment. But this is pride; not conviction. When I behold the contumelies, which Virtue must endure from Power; when I see timid Merit justled, by the stupid Effrontery which pushes forward in its place,—or ruined by mean slanders, of that conscious Folly, which dreads an open conflict with a rival of such prowess;—when I observe it patiently retiring from the dignities of the State,—I mistake the faults of our nature, for the defects of our government; and my Impatience would draw conclusions, if my reason would permit. When I see the levity of folly soaring into rank, and the gravity of wisdom pressing to obscurity,—I waste those groans upon establishments, which should be treasured up for Man. I grow a democrat, when I think of some leaders of administration; but a glance at the chieftains of sedition effects my cure.

But as Governments, where they do not contain some radical defect, are to be judged of by their general operation, let us turn from abuses which prejudice our judgment, and fall so obviously beneath our notice, here at home; and contemplate England, which is placed at a convenient distance, for enabling our observation to grasp the whole. In the state of the nation, let us seek the character of its Government. Let us consider the situation of that wonderful country; for wonderful in

truth appears to me, a machine consisting of so beautiful, and just a gradation of parts; each adapted to its proper purpose, and promoting the progress of the whole. Much evil and misery, no doubt, are to be found: but are there not both in the lot of every individual? Are they not interwoven in our nature? and must not a considerable part of our best exertions be employed in preventing them? or in curing, or palliating their unhappy effects?—In a word, I conceive the Genius of the British Constitution addressing thus a generous and enlightened people,—who not blind to its faults, but even solicitous to correct them, yet confess that these are nobly redeemed by its perfections:

“Sanus ab illis,  
 “Perniciem quæcunque ferunt, medicoribus, et quæis  
 “Ignoscas, vitiis tenet. Fortassis et istinc  
 “Largiter abstulerit longa ætas; *liber amicus*; \*  
 “Consilium proprium.”†

This was a part of my friend's discourse; which, at my return, I thought proper to transcribe; together with the particulars of that conversation which preceded it. I shall now conclude my tedious letter, (which if it have no better effect, may again set you dreaming for your readers,) by hoping that the sensible remarks of Mildworth—may atone for the rhapsodies and follies of

PETER PARALLEL.‡

\* A Patriot.

† Horace.

‡ Mr. Burke (Edmund) writes thus to the author of these essays.—“My Dear Sir, I have taken possession of one of your packets; and will forward the other as you desire. *Peter Parallel* is a very pleasant fellow; and tells serious truths, with considerable humour. I need not tell you how much my son admires *The Vision*; for I know that he has told you this, himself. But though I too thought highly of it from the first, you either must have improved it, or I appear to have done it scanty justice. But the

## II.

## EXTRACTS.\*

Οὐδὲ ἀστυγῆτιν ἐλευθερίαν νομιζέμεν, ἐπειρήσειν, εἰ,  
 TO HATPION HAPETIΣ, τὸ πλεονεχίῃς ἐλπίδις, 'H TO  
 ΕΛΛΑΣΣΟΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΗΛΑΣΙ δούλωσσαι.

THUCYDIDES, BOOK 4, CHAP. 80.

Nor should I consider genuine and equal liberty as introduced by those who, instead of adhering to the institutions of our forefathers, subjected *the few to the many*; or the many to the few.

ANON.

If my readers would see the spirit of liberty, embodied in practice, and animating the machine of government, I refer

table of *The Rights of Waters* continues to be my favourite; and this you “certainly have retouched, and to good effect, &c. &c.—E. B.”—*Prior’s Life of Burke*.

Mr. Burke’s son Richard writes thus:—“I have read the whole of it,” (the volume of *Essays*), “with pleasure; and shall you think me too complimentary, if I add—parts of it with admiration. The *Vision* and the “*Fable* rival each other with me; and if it were not for the reception given “to *Rehob*, in the former, I do not well know which I should prefer. The “controlling effect, which you suppose his ascendant to produce on his oppo- “nent, is very happily imagined, and executed with great skill. I may— “indeed I must—be partial, where my father is concerned. But I will, not- “withstanding, venture to say, that I do not think him undeserving of the “praise, which you have bestowed with so much cordiality and good taste.— “Numbers 7 and 15 are also very good. In parts of the former, there is a “felicity of expression, which I have seldom seen surpassed, &c.”—R. B.—*Ibid*.

\* What is here praised so much beyond its merits—forms a part of the present appendix. Extracts from Number 7 will be found in pages 109 & 110, and Number 15 is the letter of Peter Parallel.

\* These are the extracts promised in page 15.—They are all taken from essays written years ago; and which, unless where the contrary is noticed, may be considered to have been written in 1792, or 1793.

men to the constitution of our country. If they would contemplate it in a theoretic state, it must be soared for, through the subtilties of analysis and abstraction.

Ascending from the solidity of practical reason, to the airiness of metaphysical inquiry, they will find, that it is not the liberty of doing what we will, which is desirable: but that the freedom which should be cherished, must be circumscribed; and the bounds be sought for, not in wishes, but in duties. That absolute freedom is hardly to be distinguished from arbitrary power; and that this latter is a curse; unless accompanied by the purest benevolence and wisdom: perfections, which must not be looked for amongst men.

That, therefore, the supreme authority, in a State, should be an energy, extracted from conflicting powers: something extrinsic to the vice and follies of our nature.

In such an overruling supremacy alone, as thus hovers above the State, without mingling in its parts, should the freedom which identifies with arbitrary power,—the volatile essence of liberty—be lodged. For, take away the harmony of control, and mutual compromise;—place in one body of the state, that freedom which means sovereignty, and which therefore ought to be extrinsic to them all; the active spirit bursts in mischievous explosions: it evaporates in their follies; or is polluted by their crimes.

By shifting the place of despotism, you do not change its nature: lodge it with the prince; or lodge it with the people; it still retains its character, unimpaired. Tyranny is *arbitrary power, placed in men*. Placed as it were beyond them, and consisting *in the energy resulting from balanced powers*, the same dominion will become good government; and form the British Constitution.

Those, therefore, who would abolish all mixture in civil way, and deposit the supreme authority with the multitude, are

Advocates for tyranny, properly understood : And in fact, the "Rights of Man," and "Sacred Will of the People," interpreted as they are, by those who write upon them, mean little more than that *right of strength*, the most savage and rudimental authority, set up by nature ; and which is the origin, and foundation of despotic rule. Yet before these magic words, I see men bend the knee, who would with scorn reject a system, that explicitly recognised the *droit du plus fort*.

Absolute power is essential to every state ; and in the placing of it, consists the faultiness or excellence of particular constitutions. The desideratum is, to lodge it where least liable to be abused : which is accomplished, when sovereignty is not the privilege of any one class ; but the *result* of powers apportioned amongst them all. Wherever the supreme force is not thus distributed, but is confined to some one portion of the community,—so that while this class rules, the rest have no control,—the character of the government appears to me to be despotic ; and to prevent such despotism from being an evil, there would be need of wisdom and virtue in those who govern, commensurate with their power, and incompatible with their nature.

And of this natural unfitness, in any set of men, to exercise supreme dominion over others, *Rousseau* appears to have been aware, when, in his *Contrat Social*, he observed, that "a democratic government would suit a people of gods." But may we not pronounce, that *so a Monarchy, or Aristocracy, would suit them?* or, in short, does the position amount to more than this, that ANY government will answer, for those who require NONE?

That contrariety of interests, which makes it difficult for one man to promote those of others, without at least a partial surrender of his own, together with that selfishness, which is generally so insurmountable an obstacle to such a sacrifice,—renders

simple governments inexpedient;\* by making men unfit to be trusted with dominion. But those same causes, which make the simple form improper, tend to render the mixed one efficacious. They are indeed its very foundation. It is raised upon discordant interests, and self-love; and its fabric is that compromise, by which these are reconciled.

The framer of a balanced constitution may be considered as proceeding thus. He examines those great masses, into which a nation is divided: then separates them more accurately, in order to ascertain their bounds. These interests, which, even without his interposition, would have operated as a check upon each other, his province is to balance with exactness: to make their reciprocal control so equal and effectual, that the consequence may be general harmony and peace:—and for this purpose, if the natural checks be insufficient, he perhaps may add artificial ones, himself.

He next produces the *sovereign force of the state*; and, dividing it into parts, bestows one upon each of those interests, which form the nation. These fragments of supreme power are not equal, amongst themselves: but their respective quantities are proportioned to the nature, strength, and exigencies of that national interest, which each is destined to protect.

The sovereign power, thus separated, loses its efficacy for a time. In order to regain it, these parts must be rejoined; and in this necessity consists the protection, which each fragment affords to the interest that obtains it. For no junction

\* The necessity for mixed government might be deduced, at once, from that fact, noticed by D'Alembert, (in his analysis of Montesquieu's work) in these words: *Voilà donc les hommes, réunis, et armés, tout à la fois: s'embrassant d'un côté, si on peut parler ainsi; et cherchant, de l'autre, à se blesser mutuellement.* "Laws," (he adds,) "must, more or less effectually, restrain these blows."—The laws enacted by a mixed legislature will be, evidently, the most effectual, for this purpose.

can be effected, without the consent of each proprietor; and this must be purchased, by a due attention to his interests. The delay which these compromises must occasion, is another advantage attending the *mixed forms*. It obviates the precipitancy of human passions; and gives our loitering Reason time to act.—And when, at length, the sovereign power is completed, its laws are not the will of any party in the State. The law is, on the contrary, a treaty, which precludes or terminates their conflicts. It is an agreement, and composition, between opponent corps; not the arbitrary edict of a homogeneous body, uncontrolled. It is for this reason, that I have said of the Sovereign power in mixed government, that it ‘hovers above the state, without mingling in its parts; and is extrinsic to the vice, and follies of our nature.’

Thus I have sketched imperfectly, what seem to me the principles of a balanced constitution. Its tendency is to obviate the effect of men’s depravity: while its permanence and efficacy are guaranteed, by the state of human affairs, and the qualities of human nature. Towards its utility, only two things seem required: that all classes of men should not have precisely the same interests; and that each class should desire to promote its own.

Nature has scarcely a less share in forming the manners of nations, than those of individuals; and in her mode of educating each, displays great variety. Amongst the teachers she employs, for delivering her precepts, are soil and climate, circumstances and situation. These contributed to teach war to Scythia; commerce to Phœnicia; astronomy to Babylon; and geometry to Egypt.

To this paramount tutelage, all governments, being of an educatory quality, should conform. Thus, for instance, Mr. Gray has judiciously remarked, that “northern nations should be taught to think; and southern nations to act:” that is to say, the contrasted effects of their respective situations should



be attended to ; and the mischievous excess of each restrained. Now I cannot well conceive how a nation can be instructed, unless by means of its laws, and constitution.\*

The truth is, that governments need a variety and direction, which will suit with the various modes,—and in each promote the useful, and repress the evil tendencies—of Nature : at once treading in her footsteps, and checking her career. For if Nature begins by being our guide, it is no less true that she often ends with being our tempter ; and after putting us in the right road, seduces us to pass the proper limits of our journey. Witness the contiguity of wants, and passions : of the satisfaction of appetite, and indulgence of intemperance. In a word, what is vice, in general, but excess ?

But to return from this digression, to the main subject of inquiry. Exclusive of that variety, with which Nature contrasts her modes of national education,—and the consequent peculiarities which discriminate nations,—there is also one general pupilage in which she holds, and discipline with which she marshals, the whole human race : and of this, which is paramount to all particular distinctions, and extends indifferently over all mankind, no government that is regardless, can be good. On the contrary, by contemplating this system, we discover certain broad and fundamental principles, that will, with no more exceptions, than must be involved in all generalities, apply to every age and people.

In the above doctrines, will be seen the merits of mixed government : of which different nations may require various modifications ; but which in some shape, the human character almost universally demands.

As mankind comes from the hand of Nature, a mass of conflicting interests and views,—Government, whose task is to

\* For, by and under these too, the national educatory system, of colleges and school establishments is formed.

terminate those conflicts, should consist in the energy of balanced powers. For unless each party names an arbitrator, no security is had, that the award will be impartial : that from multifarious interests, general happiness shall be extracted ; and oppositions blended in such just proportions, that their fermentation will subside, to the softness of neutrality, and equitable compromise.

Indeed, if the clash of interests could be silenced at the will of man, this poise might not be requisite to the perfection of government. We should first accomplish a coalition of interests ; and might then submit them to a simple government. But until the former becomes possible, the latter will be inexpedient.

Governments are but contrivances of Art ; and Art must follow Nature, even when endeavouring to correct her. Therefore, the attempt to eradicate interests which are the growth of Nature ; to pull down that aristocracy which she has reared ; and level to an artificial equality, those prominences into which she has broken the uniformity of our race ; is an enterprise beyond the competence of art.

The regulations of men must operate subordinately to the institutes of Nature. What God has created, Man cannot annihilate ; be it in the physical or moral world. Nature, indeed, supplies the means of checking her own excesses ; and shews, that towards constructing a salutary scheme of government, those interests and powers which she has furnished, must be skillfully opposed, and nicely balanced.

Again, though interests should clash, yet if vice did not predominate, governments would be superfluous ; and *therefore* might be simple. From the prevalence of sin, and the modes of its operation, arise the necessity for government, and expediency of balance. We must not forget that government is remedial. It is a mound, which the Divinity of human reason has cast on the enormity of human violence ; and the efforts of sedition are the quakings of this Typhon.

Nay, the delight with which we cherish the tradition of a golden age,\* before interests were discordant, and while governments were simple, arises from our contemplation of that innocence, the existence of which, in those felicitous periods, though not expressly noticed, we should be compelled to presume. Its existence is the basis for our belief of the modes of life, which are stated to have then prevailed; and which we feel to be incompatible with the depravity that surrounds us. Their incongruity with guilt—proves its absence when they flourished; and in admiring them, we imply that they are now become impracticable.

Life, which was then a state of blessings and enjoyments, is now become a compound of evil and correction. Man then reposed securely on the innocence of his species; but now resorts for safety to the fastnesses of law. Few of the sources, and none of the mischiefs of inequality, then existed. The very rudiments of variance, the elemental *meum*, and *tuum*, were unknown.† So long as we muse upon this blissful era, abstracted from all ideas of pollution, we dwell in visionary scenes of virtue. The moral world at that time resembled as little, as did the natural, what both these are become in our degenerate days. Then,

*Per erat æternum; placidique, tepentibus æuro,  
Mullebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.‡*

The sense of which lines may be thus *extended*.

\* This tradition, of a period of innocence and felicity amongst mankind, is handed down to us, under various forms, by all antiquity; sacred and profane.

† The security of property is, according to Locke, the primary end of civil government.

‡ OVID.

Then Spring eternal reign'd : on fostering gales,  
 O'er Flora's seedless pomp, lo! Zephyr sails:  
*Then knew th' unruffled Mind no boisterous gloom :*  
*But Passion fann'd spontaneous Virtue's bloom.*

These were the periods, which a Republic would have suited. That government which was not wanted, needed not to be complex. Until the malady existed, the antidote was needless; until vice began to rage, mixed government was unnecessary.

But ours is not the golden age; and of the merits of an establishment we might conclude, from fitness then, unfitness now. Let man retrieve his pristine virtue; and then demand a simple government. But, when from these he is about to choose, let him consider, if between them there be just grounds for preference. When the age was golden, *the government was monarchical.*\*

But to return to modern periods, and pollutions. The inequality and vice, inherent in mankind, make it necessary, that, in every constitution, there be mixture.

But though on this broad principle, thus fixed in the primary qualities of our nature, all fabrics of government, to endure, should be erected, yet their forms will safely admit of being varied. In the dispositions and happiness of mankind, we behold the foundation, and end of government. To the essential qualities, and accidental varieties of human nature, it should possess immutable elements, and varied combinations, that will respectively correspond: and it is because our social

\* *Postquam, Saturno tenebrosa in Tartara misso,*  
 ——— subit argentea proles;  
*Auro deterior.*

OVID.

One cannot say much for the poetic justice, that sent to Tartarus, a prince who had presided over that golden morality, which  
*sponte sua, sine lege, fidem rectumque colebat.*

nature is no where found wholly free from complexity, that no government ought, as I conceive, to be totally unmixed. One which supposes the antithesis of interests, and bestows protecting powers upon each,—is that, for which Reason and Experience, after an attentive examination of human nature, call. But the respective vigour of those opponent interests, as well as the proportions which they bear to each other, will, in different situations, be found to vary: and modes of government should admit of a correspondent variation.

Nature must supply the weights, which the Lawgiver, who frames the constitution, is to balance. The prominent character of a mixed government may be popular, aristocratic, or monarchical; and the government, under each modification, be a good one: but Check and Compromise compose the vital spirit, which should still transmigrate through all its forms.

\* \* \* \* \*

[It can scarcely, I think, be contended, that the *theory* of the British constitution requires amendment. In blending the simple forms of government, it counteracts the noxious tendencies of each; while it bestows upon us the beneficial qualities of all. The prompt and vigorous energy of kingly rule; the distinguished merit, dignity, deliberateness—the educated wisdom, polish and instruction, (I had almost added the good taste) of aristocratic power; the free, manly, and independent spirit of democratic sway; which, while it shakes off tyranny, as the lion scatters the dew-drops from his mane, submits to that control, which promotes the common weal. It is no breach of our generous constitutional allegiance, to pronounce, that ultimately we are less the subjects of the King, than of those laws, of which he also is himself the subject; and which his coronation oath binds him to govern by, and to maintain. Can the meanest of his liegemen be deprived of life, or

liberty, or goods, at the will of prince, or nobles, or his own compeers? Find your answer in magna charta, the habeas corpus act, the bill of rights. Can taxation thrust its hand into the public purse, unless the representatives of that public relax its strings? Do those who make, also administer the laws? No; such a union would tend to oppression and abuse; and, accordingly, the principles of our establishment forbid it. The King indeed is public accuser, and supreme judge. But the constitution not only prohibits his performing either function in person; but severs, and will not permit their being executed by one. He discharges the first royal duty by his attorney-general; the second by those to whom he has committed the judicial province, by a delegation which he is not at liberty to revoke. And what (in this department) is the mild prerogative, of which he is allowed to reserve the exercise personally to himself? The prerogative of mercy. He may but sheathe that sword, which the criminal law has drawn: he may pardon, but cannot condemn.\* No; the law of the land, generally assisted by the judgment of a culprit's peers, is alone competent to do this; and thus, in the case of a commoner, Democracy, in that of a noble, the Aristocracy must assent, before punishment can be inflicted by the monarch. They concur, first, by assenting to the law which awards the penalty, secondly, where the accused pleads not guilty to the charge, their deliberate assent (respectively) is involved in that judgment of his equals, which the law requires, as an indispensable preliminary, to aggression upon his life, his liberty, or goods. The subjects of the British Constitution may be truly said not only not to live under monarchy, aristocracy, or merely popular dominion; but even not to be so properly the subjects of a combination of the three, as of that *equal law* which they have

\* Nor yet dispense with the law.

generated, and which it is the essential character of such a compound, to go on continually producing.

Is the above description of the theory of our constitution an exaggerated panegyric, an encomium highly coloured, at the expense of truth? I doubt whether any will charge it with being so; and if they cannot, my inference is fair, that a theory so excellent should be approached with reverence; and touched with an almost trembling caution.

But theory, it may be said, is one thing; and practice is another.

The observation calls for comment.

First, I admit its truth. Secondly, I add to this admission, that theories are estimable, in proportion to the utility of the practice which results. The blossom may be beautiful; but the value is to be found in the rich fruits, of which this vernal bloom holds out a promise.

But thirdly, and as it were *é contra*, I must observe, with reference to political concerns, that between theory and practice there will generally be found a difference, not in favour of the latter; and that we must not infer the imperfection of the first, from the inferiority of the practical imitation, to the theoretic model.

Then is all theory to be disregarded and thrown aside, as metaphysic lumber, of no practical advantage? Are we merely to inquire how the thing works? No: one of the first theories which I should reject, would be such a one as this. It might lead us to conclude, that, until by woful experience we felt how a tyranny can work, we ought not to object to the theory of a tyrannical constitution.

In pursuing this inquiry, as in most cases, the middle is the safest and most salutary course; and I seem to myself to be following it, when I say that no theory, however excellent, can

be expected to produce a practice, of excellence equal to its own. No practice

— *sine vitii nascitur : optimus ille est,  
Qui minimis urgetur.*

Nor is the above maxim, of the Roman poet, applicable to practice only. It will apply to theory itself; and, accordingly, I am tempted to invent a rhyming paraphrase, and say,

*A faultless Constitution ne'er has been :  
Even in our own, some human specks are seen.*

It is enough for my purpose, to assert that the best theory is calculated to produce the best and most salutary practice.

But towards justly appreciating a theory, we are at liberty to examine with attention the practice which it has introduced. If, on scrutiny, this latter turn out to be very bad, we may conjecture that the theory, however plausible, which produced it, was not good.

\* \* \* \* \*

But if I call on the undervaluers of our Constitution, to produce me instances of any, who were, *under its auspices*, despoiled of life, or liberty, or goods, *nisi per judicium parium, aut legem terra*, such a call, if my memory do not fail me, could not be answered; and if not, the Constitution which is found, in fact and practice, to preclude aggression upon everything most valuable to the subject, cannot be accused of working ill.

During the revolutionary periods, in which France was plunged, more than thirty years ago, how different was the case ! That revolution had not indeed been preceded by a



free or balanced constitution ; and in so far the parallel will be imperfect. But still its sanguinary atrocities will show what evils might be produced by a simple government,—by the excess of popular power,—the shadowy

*“likeness of a kingly crown,”\**

the ostensible supremacy of a merely representative assembly, nominally sovereign, but really the slave and instrument of principles the most ferocious, dictated by a Jacobinic faction, who gnashed their teeth on order, and steeped their arms in blood ;—what evils, I say, could be accomplished by such a state. The entire of a royal family butchered on a scaffold. The horrors of August and September 1792.† The chronic murders, the reign of Sin and Death, under the name of Robespierre. Those were terrific periods ; and what were their origin ? Financial embarrassment, Organic change, and Demolition, usurping the specious title of Reform.

All my coteremporaries, at the commencement of those days, were wild Reformists. But, young as I was, (I reflect on this, with some surprise,) I could not prevail on myself to join the sentiment, or the cry. I presume, that, in the balanced constitution of my brain, the organs of caution and causality countervailed the enthusiasm from which my character is not

\* For the French had a pageant cipher, which they nicknamed King. But, as the ballad has it,

“Saving a *crown*, he had nae-thing else beside.”

Accordingly, this “round and top of sovereignty”<sup>a</sup> served for little else, than to decorate the royal victim, when he came to be sacrificed to the Genius of Anarchy, veiled and habited in the costume of a Republic.

† These horrors generated a new verb. *Septembriser* was used to express prompt and indiscriminate assassination.

<sup>a</sup> *Macbeth*.

free ; and that their deliberateness kept me aloof.\* Be this as it may, I looked with little admiration on the carriage of a French Nobleman, on the panels of which, his escutcheon, *with its supporters*, were turned most emblematically upside down ; and the motto, *cara dignitas—carior libertas*, was substituted for whatever had, under the *ancien regime*, been the *devise*.† Events soon justified my coldness and reserve ; and I had to ask my late enthusiastic friends, “whether, amidst “massacre and pillage, anarchy and desolation, the desperate “fury of a tyrannic mob, and more disciplined cruelty of a “political inquisition, the Liberty, which they worshipped, “could have selected her abode ? That Liberty, which while “Heroic Antiquity adored, it invested with no attributes sub- “versive of moral order, or incompatible with reason, and with “social duty.” I had to ask them, “whether we could deem “that nation free, where private thoughts were capital offences, “and the slightest suspicions of the rabble, legal proof?”‡

From France I turn to England ; and the more pertinent example which her history supplies. More pertinent, because in the days of Charles the First we had a constitution ; though one whose practice, and even theory, required reform. But the attempts at this were rash, insurrectionary, and usurping. Popular power became unduly, vulgarly, and violently ascendant ; the balance was destroyed upon that side ; and confusion, blood, and military despotism§ succeeded : followed in their turn, by the dissolute reign of Charles, and unconstitutional one of James ; and the salutary revolution, to which these, through the calamities however of sanguinary contest, led.

\* See Doctor Spurzheim. Phrenologists will have it, that these organs are well developed in my head.

† I happened to see this at Bath, in 1791.

‡ I quote from an Essay written by myself, in 1791.

§ That of Cromwel.

In the mean time *Strafford* fell, under the extorted warrant\* of his infirm, but then nearly puppet-master. As often as this nobleman's ruined palace† meets my eye, with swine in its best apartments, and oxen and hay-stacks in its courts, I seem to behold the types and vestiges of coarse political subversion. And

*What murder'd Wentworth? ‡*

Were I to answer the question, thus proposed by the author of 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,'—and if it were permitted me to clothe my response with rhyme, the following is, perhaps, the distich which I should frame :

*What murder'd Wentworth? What but faction's storm,  
Raised by the breath that bellow'd for reform? §*

What the writer, whom I have paraphrased, thought of *Strafford's* condemnation, is to be collected from the verb of which he has made use ;||—and before we differ from him, let us read

\* In the shape of his assent to a bill of attainder. The Commons had in vain attempted to procure a judicial conviction : his innocence was too apparent.

† Near Naas, in the county of Kildare, in Ireland.

‡ Johnson.

§ The reform, which in those turbulent and subversive days, was insidiously bellowed for, was widely different from that not destructive but renovating—constitutional reform, which I am satisfied was the honest and honorable object of Lord Grey ; an object, too, which I am bound to suppose has been accomplished ; (this essay was written before the question had received a legislative decision ;)—and that which was sought for having been attained, what necessity for advancing further ? To what more distant point would we direct our march ? Is not the proper moment arrived for us to halt ? Am I premature in saying—*Signiferi, statuite signa ; hic manebimus optimé ?*—I may ask the question ; but it would be presumptuous of me to do more. It will be for the wisdom of the Legislature to give an answer ; and to that wisdom I am prepared to bow.

|| Murdered.

the defence of (I adopt the words of Whitlocke) "this great  
"and excellent person; who moved the hearts of all his  
"auditors, to pity and remorse;"\* and whose conviction all the  
venom of his enemies could not accomplish.

On his way to the scaffold, he received the tears, the prayers,  
and scarcely utterable blessings, of his friend and fellow-  
prisoner, the primate;† who was so soon to follow, and to share  
his sanguinary doom. Very speedily indeed,

*Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.‡*

Johnson will have it, that erudition was his crime. § I  
doubt whether piety did not form a part of his offence; a  
piety, which the fanatics of his day pronounced to be  
contraband:|| a piety which may have had its imperfections;  
but was of incomparably greater purity than theirs. Its savour  
was sweet: it did not smell of blood. At all events it would  
seem, that for no transgression of the law, did he suffer death—  
for no judicial condemnation could the inexorable activity of  
his foes procure. They were obliged to massacre him with that  
engine of popular tyranny, an attainder-act.

But while Piety and Genius are yet weeping round his  
tomb,¶ behold a more majestic victim of Democracy is ap-  
proaching:

\* P. 41.—See the defence, in Hume, vol. 6, p. 103, who cites Rushworth, vol. 4, p. 659.

† Hume, ch. 54, vol. 6, p. 117.

‡ Vanity of Human Wishes.

§ Fatal learning leads him to the block.

|| Tending to the Roman Catholic tenets.—See Hume, vol. 7, p. 29, ch. 37, for what occurred upon the scaffold; and see Laud's dying speech, at the end of his *private devotions*. Short extracts from it shall be given, at the end of this Volume.

¶ *Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep.*

JOHNSON.

*Fate demands a nobler head ;  
Soon a King shall bite the ground. \**

O ! the mild blessings, and fostering care, and uneneroaching character, of a government of mere—or predominant representation ! In a few weeks, the House of Commons† had already produced a revolution. Some of the ministers were thrown into the tower, and daily expected to be tried for their lives. Others, by flight alone, saved themselves from a like fate. All the king's servants saw that no protection could be given them by their master. A new tribunal, before which all trembled, was erected in the nation. Not content with the authority which they had acquired, they were resolved to render the most considerable bodies obnoxious to them. Though *the idol of the people*, they determined to fortify themselves *with terrors* ; and to overcome those, who might still be inclined *to support the falling ruins of monarchy*. ‡

\* \* \* \* \*

The House of Commons possess the very important right of refusing the supplies. But we know, from the apologue of Menenius Agrippa, that this right might be pushed to a mischievous extent, by *members* ; by keeping the purse inexorably closed, and giving none of its contents to those, who perhaps had "*stomach* for them all."—More seriously, the Commons are aware that they hold this right, as trustees for the Constitution and the Public ; and will never use it, unless for the attainment of those *ends*, towards attaining which it was bestowed on them, as *means*.

There are imaginable cases, in which, (unless contradicted

\* Gray.

† Of the long Parliament.

‡ Hume, ch. 51, vol. 6, pp. 371, 372.

by their high authority,) I will with deference suppose, that the Commons must hold, that the exercise of this right would be an abuse and misapplication of it. For example, if on some political question, the Commons, thinking one way, as they would have a right to do, should—merely because the Lords asserted their equal right of thinking another way,—keep on, withholding the supplies, until the Upper House retracted their dissent, and surrendered at discretion;—this, I apprehend the Lower Chamber will agree with me in saying, would be mischievously and unconstitutionally to abuse their privilege; by perverting it to an engine for coercing the Lords; virtually effacing their authority; and upsetting the balance of the Constitution.

They probably (as I respectfully conjecture) might pronounce, that this would be, *substantially and practically*, to revive the pretensions of the long Parliament in 1641; who went so far as openly to tell the Lords, “that they themselves  
“were the representatives of the whole kingdom; and that the  
“peers were nothing but individuals, who held their seats in a  
“particular capacity: and therefore, if their lordships would  
“not consent to the passing of acts necessary\* for the pre-  
“servation of the people, the commons, together with such of  
“the lords as were more sensible of the danger, must join  
“together, and represent the matter to His Majesty.”†

Let us still bear in mind, that the House of Commons, at the commencement of the reign of Charles, had in view the mere resistance of unconstitutional prerogative, and assertion of national liberty; and that in aiming at this laudable object, they had in general the cooperation of the Lords. But long before 1641, the aspect of things had changed. And in what

\* In the opinion of the Commons; but not of the Lords.

† Clarendon.

had this change originated? In this; that the early assertors of our freedom, unfortunately, resorted to perilous and injudicious means; and, in doing so, disturbed that balance, by which liberty and government are made to subsist together; and the necessities of civilized society are thus supplied. For it is as necessary that the community should be governed, as that it should be free.

In the days to which I am referring, the People were appealed to. And who answered this appeal, and assumed to be the People, and issued orders, in the shape of prayers? Petitioning *apprentices, porters, beggars and brewers' wives*.<sup>\*</sup> For, the coercive power of petition was perceived, and intriguingly resorted to. What the chastity of the brewers' wives was mainly apprehensive of, was rape: but they also avowed a wholesome terror of papists, *and of prelates*.<sup>†</sup> The porters too, looked with trembling anxiety to the privileges of parliament, and danger of religion:‡ and they concurred with their fellow-petitioners, of the tender sex, that it would be no more than necessary, in the way of preventive caution, to allay the rising prognostics of ravishment and irreligion, by a cooling and copious letting of *malignant* blood.§

As for the beggars,|| (or, if you please, the Mendicity Association,) these came nearer to the point which I had under discussion; and from which I have been digressing. Accompanied perhaps by more than the "dozen white, &c," which Shakspeare assures us, "do become an old coat well,"¶ these

\* Hume's England, ch. 55, vol. 6, p. 475.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. It may be presumed, too, that these petitioning porters laid their *shoulders* to a lightening of the *burthens* of the people.

§ The reader is aware, that, in those days, *malignant* meant friendly to King and Constitution.

|| Hume, ch. 55.

¶ Sir Hugh Evans will translate the etcetera.—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 1. Sc. 1.

petitioners proposed, "that those noble worthies, of the house  
 "of peers, who concurred with the happy votes of the com-  
 "mons, should separate themselves from the rest, and sit and  
 "vote as one entire body :"—*i. e.* not apart from the Com-  
 mons' chamber.\*—Sage advice! which their comrade *Tiers*  
*Etat*, and the *hail-fellow* Nobles of France followed in 1789 ;  
 and, in doing so, laid the earliest foundations of Napoleon's  
 power.

To return from my digression, to the hypothesis of the  
 Commons withholding the supplies, in order to reduce the  
 refractory Nobles to obedience, every friend to balance would  
 the more regret and censure such a use of such a privilege,  
 if there be no antagonist and exclusive privilege, (and I do  
 not remember any,) possessed by the House of Peers, calcu-  
 lated to countervail this of the lower chamber, and protect the  
 independence of the noble portion of our legislature.

I take the object of this important privilege of the Com-  
 mons, to be two-fold. Not to paralyse or fetter the co-ordinate  
*legislative* branch ; † but first, guarding the public purse, to  
 assert the exclusive right of the people, to tax themselves ;  
 secondly, to prevent the *Lazentive* from rashly exercising its  
 prerogative, by engaging the nation in the expenses of an un-  
 just or unnecessary war. If such were the *ends* for which this  
 privilege was given, to the mere attainment of these ends,  
 ought the *means* to be applied.

If on any one occasion, the House of Commons might  
 refuse the supplies, because, on some state question, the Lords  
 presumed to differ from them ; how should we draw the line,—

\* The Commons gave thanks for this petition.

† I might say branches. For if the Commons refused the supplies, in  
 order to deter the Lords from withholding their concurrence, might they  
 not refuse them, in order to deter the King from withholding the royal  
 assent? from pronouncing his constitutional veto?



and deny their right of doing so, as often as their opinion was encountered by lordly contradiction?

Legislative unanimity is most desirable. But the unanimity which we desire, is that of two really independent chambers. The concurrence of either house with the other, should be free assent; not truckling assentation. Neither should be a mere court for registering the edicts or ordinances of the other.

As it is devoutly to be wished that Lords and Commons should harmonize, so is it a desideratum, that with the Royal Branch, each of the other legislative branches should agree. This was felt by Charles the First, when he had been about fourteen years upon the throne. "By pliability, by concessions, and by a total conformity to their inclinations and prejudices, he sought to gain the confidence of his people." And his end appeared as if obtained. When he gave his assent to an innovating, but favourite bill, "solemn thanks were presented him by both houses: great rejoicings were expressed, both in the city, and throughout the nation; and mighty professions were every where made, of gratitude and mutual returns of confidence and supply."\*—But what does the historian add?—That "this new extreme, into which the King was fallen, became no less dangerous to the constitution, and pernicious to the public peace, than the other, in which he had so long persevered."†

And how is he borne out in this remark? In two years after these "solemn thanks, and great rejoicings,—these professions of gratitude, and promises of requital," Charles found himself, and was perceived by all to be, "the mere outside,

\* Hume, ch. 54, vol. 6, p. 394.

† Viz. a too stern and uncompromising assertion of prerogative, real and supposed.

sign, and picture of a king." In two years after, the civil war had broken out, and blood been shed at the battle of Edgehill; and before nine years elapsed, the promised gratitude of his subjects had exalted to a scaffold, him whom, for more than twelve, they had been dragging from a throne.

I say for more than twelve years: for though the struggle commenced by the assertion of just freedom, and spirited resistance of a prerogative inconsistent with the true principles of the British Constitution,—yet soon the character of the contest became changed; and a continual and systematic encroachment, of popular dominion, forms the most striking feature of this unhappy prince's reign. So true, as well as wise, is the Roman historian's observation. *Moderatio tuenda libertatis, dum, aquare velle simulando, ita se quisque extollit, ut deprimat alium, in difficili est; cavendoque ne metuant, homines metuosos ultro se efficiunt; et injuriam à nobis repulsam, tanquam aut facere aut pati necesse sit, injungimus aliis.\**

The mention, recently made, of the long Parliament, reminds me of (in its abuse) another engine of mob-rule: I mean petition;† nor will it be irrelevant to the object of the present letter, to touch on this right of petition, as our Consti-

\* LIVY, LIB. III. c. 65.—The passage might perhaps admit of being thus rendered.—“In defending and maintaining freedom, there is a medium point of justice, which it is difficult to hit. While men are afflicted to desire no more, than to stand securely on a common level, each *exalts himself*, to the *depression of the rest*; and becomes *formidable and encroaching*, while professing to aim merely at *safety and self-defence*. The aggression which he has *repelled*, he proceeds to *commit on others*; as if the alternative before him were—to *suffer*, or *inflict*.”

† In 1610, petitions against the Church (the echoes of vehement parliamentary harangues) were framed in different parts of the kingdom. A city petition, for a total alteration of Church government, to which fifteen thousand subscriptions were annexed, was presented by the city member, to the House.—HUME.

tution has conferred it: a right necessary; and no otherwise dangerous, than as liable to be abused.]

The constituent members of the British nation,\* (say the King, the Aristocracy, and the People,) have each a theoretic right to so much power, as will preserve the balance between them all. More than this is an usurpation: an encroachment on the prerogatives of the nation at large: and therefore injurious to the very party which usurps; considered as a portion of the whole community. Towards defining of subordinate and partial rights, we must therefore hold in view the right paramount in all, to keep that balance undisturbed, whose slightest trepidation is formidable to public safety.

With this principle for our guide, we shall easily find the limit of the subject's right of petition. So soon as the petition becomes a hostile summons,—so soon as the petitioned begin to tremble at the prayers, and crouch before the bold humility of supplicants, whose enterprising meekness revives the characteristics of a tyranny now extinct;†—so soon as the legislature may use to its petitioners, the language of Cæsar to the *suppliants* who took his life, "*ista quidem vis est*;"‡ in that moment, the balance is destroyed. The constitutional symmetries are at once distorted. Right is disfigured to the monstrousness of power; and the act which in form is legal, is in substance, treason.

Legislators must not be terrified, by threats, however legal; nor the populace issue orders, in the shape of prayers. For

\* The extract which is within brackets, beginning at page 103, and ending in the present page, is taken from a tract written years ago, but more recently than 1792. What now follows, and what preceded page 103, was in print in 1792 or 1793.

† The former despotism of the Servant of Servants.

‡ Suetonius in *vita* Jul. Cæs. c. 82.

legislative supremacy is essential to civil government; and the legislature which is awed, has ceased to be supreme.

Possible cases indeed could be imagined, where petition might be formidable, yet constitutional withal. To every rule there will be exceptions; and, while Wisdom states the first, the common sport of Casuistry is to hint the latter.

When a grievance is violent, sudden, and extensive, the cry which it extorts, may be proportionably general, loud, and unexpected; and the legislature be (as it were) stunned by the voice of the constitution. But of that force, by which they intimidate their Rulers, the supplicants should not themselves be conscious; at least their conduct should not be the result of such a confidence. Those acts that are dictated by their audacity, will be seditious. They will issue tainted, from the turbulent motive which produced them.

To that tempest of petition, which drowns the voice of government, those who raise it should be deaf, or the Constitution is in danger. Their union should not be the mature denouement of factious preparation. It should be unpremeditated; and proportioned only to the enormity of what suddenly produced it. The remonstrance should be *extorted* by severe and actual grievance; it should not be the complaint of theory, but of feeling. It should ascend from a multitude languishing for relief; not from a party aspiring to dominion.—It should come in murmurs of oppression, issuing straight from an injured people; not in clamours originating with the seditious, and chorused by the mob.

Petition must not, anticipating grievance, be perverted to an engine of political innovation; a mere vehicle for introducing the caprices of theory; and rendering our constitution as uncertain as our climate. What government, that gave admission to such a principle, could for a moment withstand the inroads of democracy? The populace being far the most numerous class amongst us, and capable of being rendered the

most powerful, by coalescing,—if petition be no more than a contrivance, for conveying the pleasure of an arbitrary mob, to that ministerial body, which we miscal legislature,—what is the nature of our boasted constitution? It is a pure, though dissembled democracy,\* without doubt. But tyranny is only the more mischievous, by being latent. Therefore when I am preserving the balance of our mingled constitution, it is not the formula of supplication shall content me, if I discern through it, the substance of despotic control. “On voit d’abord, que *s’il vous plait* signifie, dans leur bouche, *il me plait*; et que *je vous prie* signifie *je vous ordonne*.”†

It is become the fashion to celebrate this right of petition, as the brightest privilege of our people: which, lest its lustre decay, should be polished by daily use. This is a mistake. The government must needs be grievously oppressive, which petition is continually toiling to amend; and oppression is not the character of the British Constitution.

The reader may learn from Blackstone, that the right of petition is of an auxiliary and subordinate nature; thrown up as a protection against the invasion of our grand rights; and only to be used for the purpose of their defence. He finds it classed along with the privileges of parliament, and prerogatives of the crown; but placed lower down in the catalogue of our rights; as of less frequent use, and less momentous importance to the welfare of the subject. It supposes the existence of uncommon injury;‡ and consequent inadequacy of ordinary

\* Or should we say Ochlocracy? Ὀχλοκρατία;

† Rousseau, Emile, Livre 3. The passage may be thus rendered into political English:—“It is easy to perceive, that *the humble Petition*, means *the sovereign Pleasure*; and *Your Petitioners will pray*, means, *Your Masters will compel*.”

‡ Or need of some information, in the nature of evidence, of which Petition may put one or more branches of the Legislature in possession.

redress. When the necessity for legislative supremacy was seen, petition was devised, as a succedaneum for appeal, or rather for rehearing; and is as modest in its constitutional nature, as in its name.

I advert not to those extraordinary cases, which involve a violation of the originally implied compact; and annihilate my discussions, together with the constitution which gave them birth.

For, whether the people be warranted in recurring to first principles, and looking for redress to the ancient right of strength; and be laudable for concealing their robust demands, beneath the constitutional garb of a petition; this may undoubtedly form a question, whose solution will depend on the circumstances of the case. But the menacing stillness of such gloomy moderation, I never can confound with the calm serenity of petition; nor discern through it, the exercise of that regulated right, conferred upon the subject by a Constitution whose characteristic is a balance, which such proceedings would destroy. And they are merely constitutional privileges, of which I treat. The humility of my inquiries does not seek to soar beyond them.

To observe then, the extent of a right so formidable as this of petition—to presage its insinuation into the arcana of government,—to discern its necessity, and exposure to abuse,—less wisdom was required than helped to frame our constitution. To provide against all the mischiefs which foresight could point out, exceeded, perhaps, the competence of human prudence.

Our ancestors knew the danger of a coalescing multitude; the terrible coincidence of their rashness and their power; the ruinous unanimity, with which their ignorance may rush forward. Yet in regions so tempestuous they agreed to lodge a right, which might tend to point those storms against the structure of civil government. Their wisdom saw the risk; but in behalf of liberty—their patriotism incurred it.

But, aware how efficacious are the prayers of the powerful, they sought to give petition its sole origin in grievance; and not suffer it to spring from the mere wantonness of strength.

When the lower ranks were growing into consequence, the insolence of their newly-acquired power would be likely to betray itself in tumultuary petition. Thus it happened at the opening of the memorable parliament in 1640. Against the repetition of such an evil, the instructed Constitution would naturally provide. For instance, by an act, that ‘no petition to the King, or either house of Parliament, for any *alteration in church or state*, should be signed by above twenty persons, unless the *matter thereof were approved* by three justices of the peace, or the major part of the grand jury in the country; and in the metropolis, by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council; nor any petition *be presented by more than ten persons, at a time.*’

So it was done in England, by Stat. 13, Car. 2,\* which sought to guard against the riotousness of numbers; the speculations of extravagant or selfish theorists; and the innovating rashness of an uninformed vulgar.

But it is not in a search through similar laws, enacted on the spur of particular occasions, that we should hope to find the measure of constitutional right. Their use is to record the contrivances of Faction; and by making that illegal, which already was seditious, to arm the judicature for the protection of the state.† They are themselves founded on those principles, which form the character of our Constitution; by its consistency or incongruity with which, the validity of every political claim may be decided.

\* S. i. c. 5, sec. 2.

† This is all that enacting statutes do. Declaratory statutes are still more confined in their operation.

And this immediate reference to the elements of our constitution, in determining as to the existence of any political privilege, is the more necessary, because though the law barred up one vent to the wantonness of power, it might issue with more silent prudence, through some other. The legislature must then meet it with new restraints; and the Patriot encounter it with correspondent speculations.

Suppose I detect the ingenuity of Faction, inventing a new disguise for exorbitant pretensions; escaping from our statutes, in the garb of strict decorum; and lurking beneath the orderliness of a representative system; shall I hesitate to apprize my countrymen of the deception?

“Shall I not strip the gilding off this knave?”\*

To omit it, would be a dereliction of patriotic duty.

A delegation then, from all quarters of our island,† of proxies, who shall exercise the subject's right of petition, and who, opening to each other their despatches of discontent, shall exert the ingenuity of factious computation, until from rates of oppression, they strike an average of grievance;—who shall then adapt their prayers to the ills they have adjusted; and issue a humble edict to parliament, for relief;—this, without consulting the statute-book, I pronounce to be unconstitutional.

While the subjects petition, in their individual capacity, their complaints will be more likely to bear some proportion to their wrongs.‡ They will relate to injuries which come

\* Pope.

† Ireland.

‡ Unless the country happen to be placed in such a singular and mischievous situation, as that these complaints but echo and obey the dictates of some widely influential and ruling Demagogues.



home to them ; and matters that lie within their comprehension ; nor will their cry be formidable, but when the government is much to blame.

Before the adoption of the delegating system, suppose a petition was received from the North, and another from the South, begging similar redress. No intercourse subsisting between these distant quarters, the resemblance of their complaints proved fairly to the legislature, the reality and extent of the mischiefs which produced them. The Potentates of the north and south having not yet combined, to measure their joint strength with that of the Government, the northern and southern petitions coincided, merely because the evil was a common one.

But now the case is altered. The people have formed their political alliances ; and every petition commits them with their parliament. They no longer deign to regulate their requests by their occasions ; but screw them up to all the extravagance of desire ; perhaps of even a transitory, and soon to be relinquished, whim. Every speculative doubt is become a grievance. The Constitution must waver, in the scepticism of the moment ; and shift with every gust of popular opinion.

From the perils\* which arise out of such popular coalition, let us turn to the delegated body which effects it.

If the people may at any time, they may at all times, elect representative searchers for oppression ; and have permanent sessions of these proxy petitioners.

For it is the people who are to judge whether they be aggrieved. When the grievance is started, petition must hunt

\* That those perils existed, of which this Essayist conceived that he discerned a cause, may be inferred from this ; that the present essay having appeared in 1793, the rebellion, *already matured*, broke out formidably in 1798.

it down; and a regular pack of delegates may be kept for this purpose.\*

Here, then, we see a body, appointed to keep watch over the interests of the people. Is this, or is it not, the province of our Parliament? Are the delegates a second parliament, or the sole one? And, in either case, what becomes of the Constitution?

Between the high court of Parliament, and high court of petition, a pun might be found to supply the distinction. The former is assembled to represent the people: the latter is convened to misrepresent the Constitution.

Sent forth to lament over grievances not their own, they will seek to turn their office to their private advantage. Meantime, between them and our establishment, there is no communion of interests, to obviate their depravity, and render their selfishness innoxious. Their views of greatness, on the contrary, lie without our constitution. They represent neither the wealth, wisdom, nor true power of the nation. Nay, not even its grievances; but rather its disorder. At once the creatures and tyrants of the mob,† they are invested, in the first of these capacities, with its violence; and wield this engine of destruction, in the second: while their corps forms a seminary for vulgar and mischievous ambition; where the multitude may learn the pernicious arts, of exaggerating grievance, and concentrating power.

Theory becomes now the measure of discontent; and turbulence the incentive to remonstrance;—while self aggrandizement is the object of the delegated council:—a sabbath of

\* The system of delegation, here condemned, was, not very long after, made illegal, by the convention act.

† I might say their slaves and tyrants.

political enchanter, met together to conjure up apparitions, that shall fright the deluded people into madness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following essay, published in 1793, took the shape of a letter, addressed to a society then recently formed, under the title of *Friends to the Constitution, Liberty, and Peace*. Many of its members were respectable; and, by these at least, the association was devised with very salutary intentions; and mainly for the purpose of supplying a counterpoise to the *United Irishmen*; whose seditious objects were beginning to transpire; but which latter society had not yet thrown off the mask, and avowed itself to be a mere rebellious coalition. The writer, however, of that essay, from which an extract is about to be given, conceived, that in the flock of *Friends to the Constitution*, there were some wolves in sheeps' clothing; that the genuine sheep, too, might inadvertently stray from the constitutional fold, and further those seditious purposes, which it was their wish to baffle. As public events crowded rapidly upon each other, they soon began to discover this, themselves; and their meetings were discontinued, and their society dissolved.—Meantime our Essayist ventured, (while giving them credit for good intentions,) more or less to censure their manifesto, or profession of political faith; with reference to which, for example, and to their title of *Friends to the Constitution*, he addressed them thus.—“There is no friendship, without confidence and esteem: and the government, or the man, that meriting *respect*, is in the trammels of one, who studiously gives his treatment a character of *indulgence*, and ostentatiously makes allowance for exaggerated or pretended faults,—is a victim, whose destiny may be easily divined, unless such *soi disans* are quickly shuffled off. Therefore if, while you profess to be friends to the Constitution, your language denotes merely

a contemptuous indulgence, which you are neither able nor solicitous to justify, you will lead us to suspect that you are not what you seem.—If your account of it to the Public, represents an establishment so wasted by corruption, and inveterate abuses, that its inherent strength, and regular physicians, cannot operate a cure, without submitting to the prescriptions of that empiric you call *people*,\*—you appear to be reduced to the alternative, of confessing that your professions are untrue; or your affections ill-bestowed.—Besides, the expedient is so obvious, of usurping the name of friend, for the invidious purpose of giving currency to slander,

*Tuta frequensque via est, per amicum fallere nomen; †*

that a society, professing amity to the Constitution, should pursue conduct that may unequivocally exempt it from suspicion.—And let me observe, that if your title were but a mask, to conceal your enmity, though you should point our attention to *real* blemishes in the State, yet a gross exaggeration of those blemishes—would be a slander of the Consti-

\* But which is not the People. Steel is the specific exhibited by this State physician. It was administered at Paris, with great effect, on the tenth of August, and second of September. It is said, some parcels of this medicine are arrived in England.<sup>a</sup> To prevent imposition, none is genuine, but what is inscribed, Noking; (the name of the maker, we presume.)—Whether the proprietors of this mineral balsam have obtained the royal patent, I am not yet informed.

† OVID.

<sup>a</sup> Some daggers, inscribed *no King*, were discovered, shortly before this, in England. Mr. Burke produced one; and cast it upon the floor of the House of Commons.

tution. Indeed, after this manner, Defamation usually proceeds. It deals less in fiction, than exaggeration; and with reason: since we not only can, by magnifying, render faults observable,—but are even able to pervert merits to defects: \* for

*Mala sunt vicina bonis: errore sub illo,  
Pro vitio, virtus crimina sæpe tulit. †*

Rumour need but strain a quality, until it become excessive,—towards forming a basis, on which calumny may be raised. Why, therefore, *invent*? when, by reason of the slight boundaries which separate good from ill, we can give to defamation an air of truth,—and can slander with such credit and effect, by *exaggeration*. How was Fabius Maximus calumniated by his Lieutenant?—*Pro cunctatore sequacem, et cauto timidum, affligens vicina virtutibus vitia, compellabat.*‡”—But it is time to commence my *promised* extract. That which has just been given, was a sort of *voluntary*, in the way of prologue.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Let me not be told, that—at this time—we ought to soothe an exasperated people. We should not foster the exorbitant claims, which an angry people is seduced to make. It is for this reason I object to that part of your address, in which it is asserted, with so much exultation, that ‘there is no human

\* Besides, the Exaggerator has his apology cut and dry. He reports the stature of a man as eight feet. The man turns out to be five foot six.—Well! quoth Exaggerator; was there no foundation for my report? On the contrary, was it not within two foot and a-half of being strictly true?

† OVID. The same thing is also noticed by Horace, lib. 1, Epist. 18.

*Plerumque modestus  
Occupat obscuri speciem: taciturnus accerbi.*

‡ LXX.

‘power which can resist an object, when the People, with an united, solemn, and determined voice, shall pronounce, WE WILL IT.’

Such is the sum, and scope of your assertion: for as to your qualifications, they are nugatory. It must be their power, which shall render the people irresistible; and the extent of this is not increased, by the quality of their demands. Besides, of the reasonableness of these demands, the People are left to judge. Thus, wherever the *huc volo, huc jubeo* is expressed, the *stat pro ratione voluntas* is implied; and all qualifications are insidious, or absurd.

What you assert, then, may be the fact; yet the assertion be, at this time, something worse than inexpedient. It is very true that our liberties are threatened: but you seem to have forgotten, that one of their invaders is this new-raised phantom, which calls itself THE PEOPLE; and which is not the *populus*, but the *plebs* of our country.

If I acquiesce in your position, at least I cannot share your joy. A conviction, in that body which you term *the People*, that their will must be the law, is competent, I admit, to the operation of a mighty change; more sudden and complete, than could probably be effected, amidst the peaceful conflict of reciprocally balanced powers. But this efficacy is common to every force that is despotic: and therefore in such uncontrollable supremacy of the People, I cannot discern the sources of permanent advantage, or rational exultation.

In contemplating a nation, (that polished creature of social life,) I am far from confining myself to the consideration of its *numbers*; or dismissing from my thoughts those other qualities, which are as essential. I mean, for example, its property, its industry, its knowledge, wisdom, dignity, and virtue. Far from considering its true power to be displayed, in such sudden shocks as a temporary union of consenting passions may produce,—I hold it to consist in that due conciliation, and nice

adjustment of its complicated interests, which permanently give it a corporate existence and consolidated force.

If a claim be presented in the name of *the people*, I will analyse the mass, on which this title is bestowed. If I find in it a preponderance of the ingredients above mentioned, acknowledging it for that national corporation, called the people,—I will conclude that its desires aim at general utility. But if it be found wanting in those essential qualities, and resting all claim on the mere circumstance of numbers, I will degrade it to its proper character of mob; and though I may tremble at its power, can never recognise its authority.

This I take to be the principle of the British Government; and true foundation of its mingled nature. By means of this combination, it is contrived, that—of that mass of qualities as well as quantities,—*the people*, supremacy shall circulate through all the parts; and for every purpose of political energy, this great corporation shall be *one*.

For, besides that portion of political dominion, which is composed of the democratic rights and privileges, the authority of King, of Lords, and Commons, are all component parts of the people's power. The three estates, in this sense, represent the people.

To repel hostility, whether foreign or domestic,—to arbitrate between contending powers,—to deliver over the accused to the inquiry of the law,—to put the national will in execution,—to call forth merit, and enlist it in the public service,—or embellish it with rank, as an encouraging example,—to raise ambitious talent safely into greatness,—and divert seditious propensities, by the view of honours and distinctions compatible with public safety;\*

To throw up an intrenchment round honours when con-

\* Royal power.

ferred,—to cherish and protect the hereditary principle,—and keep guard upon the eminences of cultivated life,—to secure dignity from envy, and opulence from rapine ; \*

To manage economically the public funds, and purchase with them, the public welfare,—to concentrate the wishes and interests of a multitude, too numerous to coalesce, but by the medium of representation,—to foster public spirit,—to check the inroads of insulting Greatness, in those descents which, from its summits, might be made upon the rights (if unprotected) of the humble ; †

To lift the voice of the populace to the ear of that Legislature, of which one branch is in a great measure of their own creation : to bid proud defiance to the menaces of Oppression ; and refer the cause of Innocence to the tribunal of Impartiality : ‡ this is a rude sketch of that power in the People, which, prudently distributed, to ensure its preservation, exists dispersedly,—in the King, the Lords, the Commons, and the Public.

It is the peculiar, and fundamental excellence of the British Constitution, that it is a more effectual mode than has ever been devised, for collecting the sense of a whole civilized people ; and discovering that path, along which Authority may move, without trampling on the interests of any Order in the State. It is a government of combination ; not disunion—unity is, on the contrary, its end, and its attainment.

Equal law, in the meantime, encircles, like a glory, the whole social mass : while that coherency of principle, which is related to it, and fixes the title to the crown, on grounds, in many respects, analogous to those, which support that of an obscure subject, to his small hereditary estate, gives to the

\* Privileges of the Peers.

† Authority of the Commons.

‡ Right of petition, trial by jury, &c.



monarch, and some of the humblest amongst his people, a reciprocal interest to maintain each other's rights.

Of the authority confided by our Constitution, to those bodies between which it has distributed supremacy, part is for purposes immediate and direct ; part of a subsidiary and protective nature. Of this latter sort, perhaps, is the King's share in legislation. Though it may be true, that the divided interests of the people, requiring umpirage,—this might lead to entrusting the Chief Magistrate with such a power ; though unnecessary for the complete protection of his remaining privileges. Other subordinate\* prerogatives, again, we may conceive to have been lighted up, in the intensity of his greatness.

For the same auxiliary purpose, the Nobles legislate apart ; and are entitled, in some cases, to a trial by emphatically their peers. If the Lords and Commons formed but one assembly, the whole people would be no longer effectually represented. In the modern sense indeed,† they, *i. e.* the numbers of the country, might be represented. But the great Minority, composed of the national wealth and dignity, would be unprotected. Their interests, which our peerage (in maintaining its own) defends, would be overwhelmed and swallowed up ; and the link between King and People—be destroyed.

I have thus discussed such topics, as arise out of the most pervading principle in your address :‡ and, after what I have written, it is almost superfluous, to declare my disapprobation

\* Of course I do not mean, that the King's right to take part in the enactment of every statute, is of a subordinate description ; or that His Majesty is less than a coordinate branch of the Legislature. Perhaps the now Royal share in legislation—is a constitutionally defined residuum, of the more, or all, which Royalty once possessed or claimed.

† So printed in 1793.

‡ Of the Friends to the Constitution, &c. to the People ; containing a brief exposé of their political tenets, as already mentioned.

of the following paragraph, containing a sentiment, of the same tendency with one which I have already combated.

‘We exult to live in a country, where the voice of the people, once plainly and decidedly uttered, is a thunder which no government dares resist.’

I must absolutely decline partaking of your pleasure; as well from the nature, as non-existence of its alleged cause. I should not rejoice to live in a country, where the cry of the giddy and seducible populace was a thunder, which no government (however honest) dared resist. Nor, though I were so depraved as to exult at such a mischief, am I so ignorant as to suppose this to be the case, in the country in which I live; or that any such principle can be found in our Constitution. I should, indeed, rejoice to live in a country, where the voice of the people, as wise as it was powerful, gave an awful, virtuous, and impartial check, to the assaults of Faction, and the wily-ness of Corruption. I should rejoice that mankind was different from what it is,—As things stand, I can only exult, that lest wickedness prevail, power is divided: that the populace have no thunders, to hurl against the government; nor the governors any bolts, to cast against the people.”

# I.

## ARCHBISHOP LAUD'S SPEECH UPON THE SCAFFOLD.\*

I am drawing apace towards the Red Sea: my feet are on the very brink; an argument, I hope, that God is bringing me to the land of promise. I am not in love with such a passage; but I know that He, whom I serve, is as able to deliver me from

\* See page 116, note.

this *sea of blood*, as he was to deliver the three children from the furnace. They would not worship the image which the King had set up ; *nor will I the imaginations which the people are setting up ; a people, at this day miserably misled.* I may be not only the first archbishop, but the first man, that ever died by an ordinance in parliament ; but yet some of my predecessors have gone this way, though not by these means. *Elphegus* was hurried away, and lost his head by the Danes ; *Simon Sudbury*, in the fury of Wat Tyler and his fellows ; and Archbishop *Cyprian* submitted his head to a persecuting sword. Here hath been, of late, a fashion taken up, to gather hands, and go to Parliament, and clamour ; as if that court, before whom the causes come, which are *unknown to the Many*, could not, or would not do justice, *but at their appointment* : a way which may endanger many. In *St. Stephen's* case, when nothing else would serve, *they stirred up the people* ; and when Herod had killed St. James, he would not venture upon St. Peter, *till he found how the other pleased the people.* I have been accused of being an enemy to Parliaments. No : I understand them, and the benefit that comes by them, too well to be so. But I did dislike the misgovernments of some of them, and I had good reason for it ; For *corruptio optimi est pessima* ; and that being the highest court, over which no other hath jurisdiction, when it is misinformed, or misgoverned, the subject is left without remedy.

In the prayer, pronounced immediately after the above speech, and just as he was about to lay his head upon the block, (no moment for the probable utterance of a falsehood, or profane supplication to God, for what the supplicant did not really desire,) the Archbishop, with seeming devotion, prayed for “ the honour and conservation of Parliaments, in their “ just power ; the preservation of the Church, in her truth, “ peace, and patrimony ; and the settlement of the *distressed*

“ *and distracted people, under their ancient laws, and in their native liberties.*”\*

The following extract may be also considered as having reference to the long parliament; and the unconstitutional assumptions of power, by the commons of that day. It may be entitled

MONTESQUIEU ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

K.

“ Il y a toujours dans un état, des gens distingués par la naissance, les richesses, ou les honneurs. Mais s'ils étaient confondus parmi le peuple, et s'ils n'y avaient qu'une voix, comme les autres, la liberté commune seroit leur esclavage, et ils n'auraient aucun intérêt à la défendre; parce que la plupart des résolutions seroient contre eux. La part qu'ils ont à la législation doit donc être proportionnée aux autres avantages qu'ils ont dans l'état; ce qui arrivera, s'ils forment un corps, *qui ait droit d'arrêter les entreprises du peuple* † comme le peuple a droit d'arrêter les leurs. Ainsi la puissance législative sera confiée et au corps des nobles, *et au corps qui sera choisi pour représenter le peuple.*”

Any organic modification (if I may so express myself,) which interfered *substantially* (no matter what plausible and delusive *form* the alteration might assume) with the constitu-

\* *A Summarie of Decretions, used by Doctor William Laud, printed at Oxford, in 1677.*

† Can the exercise, by the Lords, of a constitutional *right*, be a *wrongful* proceeding? A right too, which Montesquieu represents as one of even indispensable utility,—and which their bulwarked house, or chamber, is framed, constructed, and fortified, for the express purpose of enabling them to exercise with effect?

tional principles insisted on by Montesquieu, and the objects which the operation of those principles is meant to obtain, would produce upon our peerage this effect, that *la liberté commune seroit leur esclavage*; and birth, property, and rank, *la naissance, les richesses, et les honneurs*, would become the slaves of the *mobiliū turba*, and be overwhelmed in that "multitudinous sea," which would soon "incarnardine," and be incarnardined; and in the end exchange its nominal\* and tumultuous despotism, for that *tranquilla servitus*, the despotism of a Military Power.

The following seems no unwarrantable comment upon the text of Montesquieu:—

"On the above passage I would make the following remarks: First, that Montesquieu appears to consider the lower house of parliament as being, *to all legislative purposes*, the people. Our Lords and Commons are exclusively the subject of his discourse; and having twice described the latter as "le peuple," he, at the close, designates them with more precision, as "le corps choisi pour représenter le peuple." He too well understood the spirit of our constitution, not to know, that, according to its theory, the commons really *represent* the people; that these latter possess no *direct* right of legislation; that there lies to them no legislative appeal. The members, whom they return, are their representatives; not their slaves; they are their legislative plenipotentiaries; and not the mere heralds of their transient caprice. 'Le grand avantage' (says the same Montesquieu) 'des représentans, c'est qu'ils sont capables de discuter les affaires: le peuple n'y est point du tout propre. Il ne doit entrer dans le gouvernement, que pour choisir ses représentans.' "†

\* I say nominal, because the multitude is usually a mere instrument in the hands of the Demagogue, whose turbulence happens to be in fashion.

† Baron Smith's speech (in the Irish House of Commons) in 1799, on the Union.

## L.

[O WARNER CHRISTIAN SEARCH, LL.D., F.R.S., AND M.R.I.A.]

I have got to page 54, in your second stroll, and can proceed no further without asking a question or two. "Semper ego auditor tantum?"—you know the rest. Why did you dedicate your classic stroll in the dark to the memory of John Locke? Was it for the purpose of expressing your admiration of his doctrines generally, or for the purpose of shaking the adherence of the Dublin University to some of those doctrines? I ask those questions, with all the respect that I am bound to feel for your logical discrimination, and Attie sweetness of expression, for two reasons.

First—Because you object to the discussion of a most interesting question, upon grounds which "non conjurant amicé" with part of the name you have assumed. You say (p. 10 of stroll the second) the discussion (of the materiality of the soul) would be objectionable—"for to enter on an inquiry whether the soul was immortal, when revelation had distinctly informed us that it was, would be a questioning of the truth of the Scriptures; and might terminate in a profane and infidel denial of that truth." \*

Now, the Scriptures have informed us of the existence of God; yet John Locke devotes nine pages of his book to the proof of that existence. Nay, more—Locke goes into an elaborate argument to prove that God is *immaterial*—and this comes closely on the whole subject of your elegant little books.

\* A reference to pages 9, and 10, of Stroll the Second, will at once show that this is a gross and utter misrepresentation of what Warner Search there said.

I might almost say, *rem acu tetigit*; yet you, while you call yourself SEARCH, will not permit any inquiry whether the soul of man be not immaterial. This extreme caution deserves rather the name of *Anti-Search*.

Secondly—Because I remember to have read, above two years ago, an accusation against Locke, in Edward Litton Bulwer's "England and the English," of having favoured the doctrines of the *materialists*, by a passage in that part of his book which treats of substances. That accusation is, in my opinion—and I have read the book with care—most unjust; but it might derive colour from the circumstance of a book *bordering closely* on materialism, being dedicated to his memory by W. C. S., if those initials are rightly read, Baron Sir William Cusack Smith.\* Locke has proved to my satisfaction

\*Hence (*i. e.* from this supposition) arose the criticism; or, at the very least, its acrimonious tone; in which it must be admitted, that there is less of the *felix*, than of the *faustum*.—Indeed the charges which it contains, are more than *tone*; they are *trading matter*; and the name is dragged in, for the purpose of attaching this matter upon a Judge, 'who, I believe, had given the critic no offence; whether from dislike to the Order, or the Individual, or to both, we will not here inquire.—In the fluency of the critique, at least, there is nothing

"like the flute's soft flow,  
"or an angel's song:"

Nothing

"that whispers winningly."

Nothing correspondent to what, if his "voice" had not previously uttered, his pen however had previously traced; though I suspect that the tracing,—without notifying that it was intended to be furtive,—was "by stealth;" and that when it innocently transpired, the tracer

"blush'd to find it fame."

*Ille laro* (says Cicero) *te putabat quæsiturum & cet.*—*Hunc baronem te putabas ledere*, say I.

that the Omnipotent Being is *immaterial*; you leave little room to doubt that your opinion is quite the contrary; although you say somewhere, you would scarcely dare to surmise what the substance of the Deity is. You argue thus: "To appear is to be visible;" and what is visible must be material; *ergo*, (let me draw your inference,) *whatever appears is material*. Now let me make another syllogism based on this:—Whatever appears is material; but God has appeared (to Moses,) *ergo*, (is not the conclusion irresistible?) God is material.\*

Now, my Lord Warner, may I ask whether this, or the position of Lord Brougham be the more dangerous to Christianity? I admit that you have (or rather Mr. Wallace has) detected Lord B. dozing on a most important point. It is going too far to say, as his lordship does, that the soul must perish, if it be not immaterial. There is no *vis consequentie* in that inference; and I believe this to be the burden of your two erudite rambles,† as well as the two instructive and learned *brochures* of Mr. Wallace. I think you both right on the

\* No; but whatever *appears*, is either usually arrayed in materiality, or has, in the particular instance, assumed materiality, in order to manifest—and render itself thus apparent. —Did not God, in the person of our Saviour, assume the materiality of Lody? Was He not made flesh? Was it not by means of that material body, that our Lord was apparent—and enabled to call on his disciples to handle him? Yet who denies, (not my Critic, I hope, ) that our Redeemer was and is God? Or who, in admitting, that by means of material flesh He thus became apparent, and tangible, asserts that the Divine Substance is material?

† "Civil leer!"—which teaches, and *is meant to* "teach to sneer;" and which, *aided* (or even unaided,) *by much of the deriding context*, would give this lesson, though the "erudite Rambles" were not so studiously contrasted with what was "instructive and learned"

To Man.

• I hope he does not mean to echo the exclamations of Jobert: "A God with senses, organs, brains! a *human God*! a monstrous God!"



point, and Lord B. wrong ; but when you caution his lordship against the danger of such a position, and absolutely will not permit an inquiry on a fair subject of metaphysical speculation, (by no means necessarily a divine mystery,) *because the Scriptures are explicit upon a great truth sought to be deduced from it as a necessary inference*, I would respectfully beg of you to consider whether, with all your caution, you have not taken a stride calculated to inflict a deeper wound on Christianity.

I would also beg of you, should you be disposed to take "a third stroll," to consider whether there be any *vis consequentie* in your proposition—"Whatever is visible is material." You see the *startling*—nay, revolting inference I have drawn from that proposition—an inference calculated by no means to diminish the number of Deists and Atheists. I pray you also to consider whether the secondary qualities of substances, by which they are perceivable to the senses of seeing and hearing, may not in some sort belong to pure spirit, or at least that those properties in spirit which give rise to your doubts and hesitation as to their immateriality, are not, even *on your own showing*, essentially different from the parallel properties of those substances, to which we *properly* apply the term *material*.

A MASTER OF ARTS, T. C. D.

The above having appeared in the Freeman's Journal, the following defence made its appearance, immediately after, in The Packet.

TO — —, ESQ. "A. M. T. C. D."

I have read your *aigre-doux* letter, in the *Weekly Freeman*, to *W. Search*. There is a great deal more of the *aigre* in it,

than of the *doux*; and the *aigre* seems to be sincere, the *doux* anything but that. *Search* says, that "to appear is to be visible; and that to be visible is to be material."—Do you deny either proposition? On the contrary; you assent to both; as every rational man must do. But you complain that *Search* has asserted that God appeared to Moses. Do you mean to deny the truth of this assertion? I presume not; for you do not profess to disbelieve Exodus. But you say it follows that God is material. *You* may say so; but *Search* has not said so. He has said the reverse. He has said that the Divinity occasionally used the instrumentality of matter, and, as it were, clothed himself in it, for the purpose of revealing himself *to the senses* of man. That he did so, in the burning bush. That he did so when he made himself audible in the *still, small voice*. And, lastly, that in the incarnation of our Saviour, he had manifested himself materially to man. Do you deny that he revealed himself to Moses in the burning bush? or do you hold that the *flame* which Moses saw was immaterial? Do you hold that the still, small voice, which *struck the ear*, was immaterial? And whether do you deny the *Divinity* of our Lord? or do you hold that He was not *material*?—that He was not *man*?—that, in the teeth of his own sacred assertion, he was *not capable of being handled*?

All this explanation you had seen; for you had "got," you say, "to page 54;"—and in pages 53 and 54 it is to be found: yet the *aigre* portion of your motive induces you to charge *Search* with "*bordering on materialism;—with leading to revolting inferences; with holding the Almighty to be material;—*(in the very teeth of what he has written,) *and inflicting a deep wound on Christianity.*"

Mr. Wallace seems a favourite. Warner *Search* seems the reverse. Could a gentleman, whose surname has the same initial, and contains the same number of syllables as your own, —could he, think you, inform us, why, in the latter case, you

appear so "willing to wound," and not altogether "afraid to strike?" But, perhaps, you and Sir James Mackintosh may hold, that while matter, by much attenuation, often becomes invisible, utter immateriality is visible, audible, tangible, &c. How comes the soul to be invisible, even at the moment of its departure, when the body no longer veils it? How comes the invisible world to be so extensive?

Yours,

PETER PLEGRADEAL.

M.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO W. C. S.

*Paris, Dec. 23d, 1835.*

\* \* \* \* \* "By way of adding to your animal anecdotes, Melissa \* desires me say, that she knew a lady at Cheltenham, who had a dog, that regularly accompanied her in her walks,—tendering himself as her companion, on every day except Sunday; but never attempted to do so on that day; seemingly aware, that his mistress was going to a place (Church) where his presence would be dispensed with.—In La Martine's interesting work, (his Travels in the East,) is a beautiful description of the Arab horses; whose sagacity he represents as something quite wonderful. Apropos of soul and body, there is an entertaining book enough, 'Voyage autour de ma chambre,' the author of which lays the blame, not only of all his evil, but even of his awkward actions, upon the latter; which he calls his *Bête*. \* \* \* I think you have satisfactorily established that there is nothing con-

\* Melissa is her "nom de guerre."

*Gray; Long Story.*

trary to religion, (quite the reverse,) in declining to decide the point, whether the soul is material or immaterial. \* \* \* How do you understand the expression of St. Paul, "*there is a natural body; and there is a spiritual body?*"

The text which I am called upon, by my correspondent, to interpret, necessarily partakes of the mysteriousness of its somewhat super-intellectual subject; and is mysterious. My conjectural, and laic, and imperfect explanation\* might be, that the Apostle distinguishes between *ψυχικὸς ἀνὴρ*, and the man who, being spiritualized, possesses the *φρονημα τοῦ πνεύματος*. The *natural body* I take to be that of the former; the *spiritual body* that of the latter. Ὁ *ψυχικὸς ἀνὴρ*, I consider to be the *animal man*; possessing, or possessed by, that *ψυχή*, or vital spirit, which he has, in common with the beasts. This ought to be, but in this life will not be, quite subservient and ministerial to the *πνεῦμα*, which seems to distinguish man from the beasts of the field; and perhaps is what The Deity "breathed into the nostrils" of the first human being; and thus caused him to become "a living soul."—Upon this subject, we may, perhaps, look with advantage to Hebrews, iv. 12, where *ψυχή* and *πνεῦμα* are emphatically noticed and distinguished; and the Greek, as well as the English, might be consulted.†—

\* Which, however, would probably be still more imperfect, if it were not for some valuable and illustrative suggestions, contained in a letter, from a learned friend, which reached me on the 22d of the present month of December.

† If to sacred I might append profane, I would perhaps refer to what Araspas is reported (or feigned) by Xenophon, to have said to Cyrus.

Ἡ καὶ δυνήσῃ, ἔφη,<sup>a</sup> ἀπολιπῆν τὴν καλὴν Πάνθειαν; Δύο γὰρ, ἔφη, ὦ Κύρῃ, σαφῶς ἔχω ψυχάς. Οὐ γὰρ δὴ, μία γε οὔσα,

<sup>a</sup> Said Cyrus.

I, perhaps, cannot too frequently repeat, that I am as far from asserting the materiality of the soul,—(as far from proclaiming it to others, or pronouncing it to myself,)—as I am from admitting that its immateriality has been,—or to that intellect which we possess on this side of the grave,—is likely to be proved. As little do I expect that it will be proved to be material. I protest against the discussion of the question, (material or

ἄμα ἀγαθὴ τε ἐστὶ καὶ κακὴ, οὐδ' ἄμα καλῶν τε καὶ αἰσχρῶν ἔργων ἐστὶ, καὶ ταῦτά ἄμα βούλεται τε καὶ οὐ βούλεται πράττειν· ἀλλὰ δῆλον ὅτι δύο ἐστὸν ψυχὰ, καὶ ὅταν μὲν ἡ ἀγαθὴ κρατῇ, τὰ καλὰ πράττεται· ὅταν δὲ ἡ πονηρὰ, τὰ αἰσχρὰ ἐπιχειρεῖται.

#### ΕΚ ΤΗΣ ΚΤΡΟΤ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ.

Of these δύο ψυχὰ, was one ψυχή, and the other πνεῦμα; This latter (πνεῦμα) appears to be a sort of generic term. Thus, in Plutarch's Life of the younger Cato, c. 68, we find it to signify the breath of man, and in c. 70, the wind that heaves the ocean. With the addition of ἅγιον, it expresses the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. The word seems to mean *Spirit* generally; and of how sacred a nature Spirit *may* be, we learn from the text which informs us, that "God is a Spirit."—The consistence and harmonious congruity, which will be found in the Sacred Records, even where conversant about matters beyond our comprehension,—is wonderful; and amongst the criteria of their truth. Thus, when the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles, (Acts, ii. 2, 3, 4.) "Suddenly there came a "sound from heaven, as of a *rushing mighty wind*; and it filled all the "house where they were sitting;—and there appeared unto them cloven "tongues, like as of fire," (considered by some, as a modification of ærial substance,) "and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the "Holy Ghost."—God originally *breathed* into the nostrils of Man the *breath* of life, (πνεῦμα,) and Man, in consequence, became a living soul. Neither would the life, *so inspired*, have terminated, if Disobedience had not 'brought death into the world.'—When the Holy Spirit, (purchased by the obedient sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour,) 'filled' Man again,—was this a *re-inspiration* of the breath of a Life, purely and indestructibly immortal, in those on whom it was bestowed;—not, like that of the first Adam, liable to forfeiture and loss? The wind (τὸ πνεῦμα) bloweth where it listeth; & cct. So is every one that is born of the Spirit: (ἐκ τοῦ πνεύματος.) Words of our Saviour, John, iii. 8.—That dreams may be (or may have been) warning, and of divine origin, appears from Matthew, i. 20, 21.

I believe there is extant a Hebrew Gospel of St. Matthew. I should like to know whether, in it, the *same* word is used to signify *wind* and *spirit*; and whether that word is עֶשֶׂה.

immaterial?) as unnecessary, hazardous, and in its possible consequences, profane. Unnecessary, towards proving that *immortality* of human soul, of which the Holy Scriptures have assured us: hazardous and profane, because, in the pursuit of this discussion, our “erring Reason”\* might betray us into a distrust of scriptural assurance.—I even go the length of saying,—that though we confine ourselves within the mere rational powers and province, and derive no aid from Revelation, still neither Reason nor Experience will warrant our sublunary intellect in pronouncing that *immortal* is necessarily,—and as it were, argumentatively,—more connected with *immaterial* than with *material*.

I go the length of *Locke*. With him I refuse presumptuously to set limits to the power of God,—by doubting whether *matter* could acquire any faculties, which it was the Divine Will of the Creator—that it should put on.—And thus I answer a pert question (included in a rude and traducing criticism) lately asked me by one who describes himself as a Master of Arts.† His question is, why I inscribed the Second Dialogue to *Locke*.

## X.

### METAPHYSIC RAMBLES; STROLL THE SECOND.

Baron Smith, under his nom de guerre, Warner Christian Search, has directed more of the public attention to the “im-

\* Pope.

† Having first misrepresented perhaps from having misconceived them) my arguments and assertions, he proceeds to bestow upon them the epithets of “revolting, and unchristian.”—A *Terra filius*, at Oxford, is recorded to have, i’ th’ olden time, once addressed *certain* of its graduates as follows: “Vos, O Doctores, sine doctrinâ, Magistri artium, sine artibus, Baccalaurei, bac do quam lauro digniores.”

material" controversy, than the question is worth. While we admire his playful wit—his refined taste—and his great variety of fanciful illustrations, we cannot but regret that such treasures are wasted on the most profitless question that ever employed "the laborious idleness" of metaphysicians.

*From the Athenæum.*

The above extract from *The Athenæum* is complimentary, in a degree beyond the claims or merits of the little work which it criticises. It is true, the compliment is paid to Baron Smith; but being rendered to him, on the supposition of his being the author, Warner Search takes the liberty of appropriating it to himself.\* May he not venture to surmise, that the obliging Critic, who describes him so favourably, has ceased to consider him as "a quaint humourist," of the Burton school? (see Article D, in this Appendix.)—But who, I would ask the Editor of the *Athenæum*,—who *began* "the immaterial controversy?"—Who *first* "directed to it, more of the "public attention, than the question was worth?"—Was it not Lord Brougham?—And has the *Athenæum* censured the waste, upon "a profitless inquiry," of the "treasures" of his Lordship's mind?—Again, Warner Search has not *even joined in the inquiry thus rashly challenged*. On the contrary, the jet of his little volumes is, to dissuade from such discussions, as at once "profitless," and unavailing.—But is it, he would ask, a quite unprofitable undertaking, to recall to Revelation, from what Milton has described as "vain wisdom, and false philosophy,"—and to protest against discussions, which leave the Sacred Scriptures in abeyance, and of which the result may

\* Even assuming, for argument, that *Search* is but a *nom de guerre*, is it fair, or according to the laws or practice of literary courtesy, not

conflict with what the Divine Authority of those Scriptures has affirmed? This was the attempt, in which Warner Search, with good intentions, but probably inadequate powers, engaged.

## O.

With reference to Dialogue 1, p. 120, 121. Dial. 2, p. 5, 11, and Dial. p. 32, 37.

Plutarch states the following circumstance to have occurred, just before the assassination of Cicero—Γῶν δὲ κροσσῶν οἱ πολλοὶ μιν ἐπὶ τῇ θύρῃ δὲς διεκάλουντο φθιγγόμενοι θορυβώδεις· εἰς αὐτὰς κατὰσθες ἐπὶ τὸ κλινίδιον, ἐγκεικαλυμμένου τοῦ Κικερίωνος, ἀπῆλθεν τῷ στρατι κατὰ μικρὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ τροσάπου τὸ ἵματιον, & cct.—(*Life of Cicero*, c. 47.)—This was at the villa where Cicero had stopped, and lain down, to procure a little rest. The ominous birds had followed him from the vessel, where, perching on the yards, their presence, and their clamours, had dissuaded this persecuted man from pursuing his intended voyage. The passage which I have just given part of, from the original, *Ricard* thus translates—“Cicéron, après être débarqué, entra dans sa maison, et se coucha pour prendre du repos: mais la plupart de ces corbeaux, étant venus se poser sur la fenêtre de sa chambre, jetaient des cris effrayants. Il y en eut un, qui, volant sur son lit, retira, avec son bec, le pan de la robe, dont Cicéron s’était couvert le visage. A cette vue, ses domestiques se reprochèrent leur lâcheté. ‘Attendrons nous,’ disaient ils, ‘d’être ici les témoins du meurtre de notre maître, lorsque des animaux même, touchés

only to thrust it aside, but to substitute the name of another, without the assent of that other?



“du sort indigne qu’il éprouve, viennent à son secours; et  
 “veillent au soin de ses jours? \* Ils étaient à peine sortis, que  
 “les meurtriers arrivèrent,” & cet.

## P.

(*With reference to passages in page 79.*)

“Art is Man’s nature.”—So says Mr. Burke,† in an aphorism, as densely laconic, as it is profoundly true. Indeed never, perhaps, has more of important truth been compressed into a sentence of but four short words. They contain an answer to the flippant pseudo-philosophy of those expressions, “Man was his high and only title,” made use of by Paine, in his “Rights of Man;” and which I have parodied into “Water was its high and only title.”

Adam “came from the hands of his Maker,”‡ already cultivated and improved; or speedily became so, under divine instruction;—and probably in some degree, and on some points, inspiration.§ Therefore it is not in our great forefather, that we are to look for “Man,” as Paine conceives him to have “come from the hands of his Maker.” The image to which this writer calls upon us to assimilate ourselves, is to be found wallowing amongst the hottentots, or “shivering”

in climes beyond the solar road;  
 Where shaggy forms o’er ice-built mountains roam :||

\* Having said this, they placed him in a litter, and proceeded with it towards the sea.

† In, I believe, his *Reflections on the French Revolution*.

‡ The words of Paine. He was also the author of that infidel work, *The Age of Reason*.

§ As, for example, perhaps, in the case of language.

|| Gray.

or reclining amongst "the savage youth of Chili's boundless forests."\* It is there, or amongst still more artless, barbarous, and almost ourang-ontang tribes, (the "rude forefathers" of those not much less rude, who now usurp the rights and title of *The People*,)—it is amongst these, that we are to seek the idol, to which such Republicans as Paine would have us bend the knee;—these are "Man," as he conceives him to have "come from the hand of his Maker;" whose handiwork the fopperies of government and civilization do but spoil.

But though "art be man's nature," artifice is his vice. It is akin to falsehood; and adulterates, or counterfeits that truth, which art but polishes and improves. Under this head, of artifice, comes the "intimate strangership" which I have noticed. Intimacy implies and asserts claims and pretensions, which it ought to vouch; but which incongruously attendant strangership on the contrary refutes. *Such* intimacy is a mask worn by insincerity and dislike, in order to put men off their guard. Soothing you at the expense of your understanding, it fain would shame you out of putting yourself in a visible posture of defence. To profess delight in the society which he shuns; respect for that judgment, of which he never asks the aid;† reliance on that integrity, honour, and discretion, which, at the same time, he never burthens with an atom of his confidence;‡ I do not relish this mosaic conduct.§ It is fraudulent and false. It claims the privileges of an intimacy, which it at once professes and withholds. Turns its back upon you when it can; and simpers and shakes hands, when what it con-

\* Gray.

† Or attends to the advice.

‡ While prompt to accept of any trust, which your inconsiderate and frank good-nature may repose in him.

§ "Here a bit of black; and there a bit of white."—The black however greatly prevalent.

siders as mischance, brings you face to face. This is anything but fair. One man has a decided right to stand aloof, at his peril, from another. But he has not a right to set this other looking through a humbug-telescope, which shall persuade him that what is very distant, is quite near. This ought not, if possible, to be submitted to. A man should decline commercial intercourse with those whose payment is in false money ; while he himself, in this swindling traffic, is disbursing genuine coin. Your treacherous correspondent, while entertaining no kindly sentiment towards you, perceives that there may be value in your goodwill to him. He therefore seeks to reconcile his dislike of you with his interest, by putting a plating of intimacy over the copper of his base estrangement. Refuse this spurious coin ; and he will perceive that you are not the dupe he took you for. Thus you will either get rid of an odious intercourse, offensive at once to your sagacity and pride ; or you will be punctually, though not honestly, paid the value of what you give ; and the public will cease to think you such a simpleton, as to mistake those for your friends, whom they well know not to be so. I perceive nothing unchristian in this course. You do not injure the deceiver. You but refuse to connive at, and be an accomplice in his falsehood.

How often, (this is a sort of *by the by*,) are men misconceived ! Or rather, how seldom, by a certain class, are they *not* misunderstood ! In how many instances, for example, has a man been undiscerningly supposed to swallow flatteries, which good-nature, or good manners, forbade him to repulse, with a rude avowal of his disgust ! How often has Cunning chuckled over the imaginary success of one of its paltry supercheries, and pronounced the person duped, who disdained to boast his detection of the trick ! How often has a man of sagacity and spirit been supposed blind to—or tame and timid, beneath—affronts, of which,—not being tangible enough for requital or rebuke,—he had been too high-minded, and proudly well-bred,

to appear to take any notice!—How pleasant it is to have to do with gentlemen! or (according to, unfortunately, more ordinary experience,) how *unpleasant* it is to deal with mere usurpers of that title!—Gentleman seems a rank conferred by Nature and Education.\* Many a man, without rank or station, is a gentleman; while of some, invested with rank and station, one could not say the same. The delicate compound, of principle, spirit, feeling, taste, and tact, which helps to form the gentleman,—this well-flavoured compound, seems to be so rapidly evaporating, and undergoing, in this country, a process of such permanent decomposition, that I fear the time for preserving it, in description, has arrived. But who shall undertake the task? I can recognise and relish the *comme il faut*; but am unable to describe it.

But to return to a subject, from which I have digressed;—there is a kind of unavailing (and not expected to be available) artifice, which is in daily use; into which I am afraid I may have sometimes fallen; and which many of my candid readers will admit that they have practised.—A and B shall hold a sort of conventional conversation,† in which not one of the professions of A shall have in it a syllable of substantial truth: in which the courteous answers of B shall be equally insincere:‡ —in which, again, and as it were *e contra*, the declarations of B, and replies of A, shall be of the same counterfeit description;—yet where, all the time, A knows full well, that not a word of what he is uttering imposes upon B; and where B is equally aware, that for not one word of the obliging sentiments

\* Education alone will not suffice. *Alterius poscit opem*; viz. *Natwæ*.

† I do not mean that there are not,—I thank God there are,—conversations of a widely different and sterling kind.

‡ *Λντιδωστis*.

which he expresses, does he receive an atom of credit from the politely smiling A.

What a quantity of lucrative falsehood seems to be here quite thrown away!—For where is the use of falsehood, when the utterer knows that it is not believed?—These *unabusing* communications appear, however, to be a sort of saturnalia, allowed, from their harmlessness, to courteous Falsehood, by indulgent Truth.

For the rest, though intimate stranger-ship be *usually* of the character which I have given, it sometimes arises from causes less discreditable to these *οικτιρο-ξενος*, causes less under their control, and untainted with fraud or adulteration. Such, for example, I take to be the case,—a recollection of which produced a portion of this note.

## Q.

(With reference to page 20.)

To the question put, in the poet Nævius,  
*Credo, quì vestram rempublicam tantam amisistis tam cito?*  
 the answer given—is

*Proveniebant oratores novi, stulti, ADOLESCENTULI.*

And what is the commentary of the elder Cato?

*Temeritas est videlicet florentis atatis; prudentia senescens.*

CICERO DE SENECTUTE.

## R.

(With reference to page 17.)

Who can refuse all toleration to a pun, that recollects Swift's  
*Mantua vix misera* & cct, or Burke's parody on the *seignare*

of Moliere?—*Assignare, postea assignare, ensuite assignare*.\* The pun of my initialsake (W. C. S.) was also perhaps entitled to some toleration, when he cited Horace, as authority for taxing the funds:—*quodcunque in fundis, assessit*.†

S.

Promptly will be published,  
If Mr. Milliken consent,  
The Goblins of Neapolis,  
By Paul Puck Peeradeal;  
With permission of Papa Peter,  
And Mamma Pry.‡

Under such circumstances, and with such a prospect, I cannot think, by introducing § any goblin rhymes into this appendix, of forestalling the publication, promised by my young and scrutinizing friend; with whose intentions I am the more reluctant thwartingly to interfere, because, if there be truth in Shakspeare, Puck is a *good fellow*.|

This, in a moment, brings me to an end.

By THIS, I mean my above testimony to the amiable and industrious goblin qualities of him, whose “shadowy flail hath threshed the corn;” and thereby earned for him the “cream-

\* Reflections on the French Revolution; where, towards the end of the letter, he is deriding the system of *Assignats*.

† *Quodcunque infundis accescit*.

For some of these *facetiae*, see also Plutarch's Life of the younger Cato, c. 7. Two of the jests are good: the first of the three, I do not understand.—The original Greek must be consulted; for the pleasantries, being of the class of puns, do not admit of being translated.

‡ Mrs. Peeradeal's maiden name, we may presume.

§ Notwithstanding the half promise given in page 42.

|| See *Midsummer Night's Dream*; “*Persons represented*.”

bowl, duly set.”—This testimonial has placed me on the very threshold of my conclusion; if there be no blunder in this form of expression; that is to say, if threshold be not more connected with entrance, than with exit. Be this as it may, shall I congratulate my readers on their arrival at the ivory or horn gate? Or for such felicitations, shall I substitute another anecdote, of one of whom I have told two already? \* He was learned, literary, opulent, and good-natured; and neither his wealth nor his bonhomie were allowed, by his author friends, to lie idly fallow. Between the goodnature with which he abounded, and the truth to which he was addicted, some amicable conflicts would from time to time arise. Good-natured Courtesy made him promise an author to read his just published work. This promise, Truth and Honour not only permitted, but enjoined him to perform. But when called on for his opinion, a difference between Truth and Kindness would occasionally start up; and one which it was not always too easy to reconcile.—‘Well, Sir, had you time to cast your eye over what I sent you?’—‘O yes, Sir; I made it a point to read it: you know I promised you.’—‘And may I ask what you think of it?’ If the volume were a serious or scientific one, the answer probably would be,—‘Upon my word, Sir, the work must have cost you great pains. It shows much research; and contains some indisputable and valuable truths.’†—If the production were of a different character, he would say,—‘Sir, I am a poor judge of poetry, or works of imagination; I am getting old, too.’—‘Sir, in page 50, I think there is something, that you would be likely to approve.’—‘I did not mind the numbering of the pages, as I went along.’—‘May I inquire what part of the work you liked the best?’—‘The concluding part, Sir: I

\* Stroll the Second, pages 33, 34, 35.

† Perhaps found in some of the extracts, that demonstrated research.

read the latter pages with most pleasure.'—This was the more likely to be satisfactory to the Inquirer, because an author usually, I believe, endeavours to decorate his conclusion. — Who knows but, if I were imprudent enough to ask my reader which portion of the volume, now presented to him, he liked best, his answer might be:—*'the concluding part, Sir: I read the last pages with the greatest pleasure.'*

The young (then young) friend, who had introduced me to the highly-flavoured acquaintance of \*\*\*\*\* , used to tell him, that in his plausible answers, there was more of equivocation, than of truth; and this, the single-hearted old gentleman, half-amused, and half-remorseful, would admit.\*

And now, adopting the close of Mr. Sheridan's speech, upon the trial of Warren Hastings, let me conclude by saying, "My Lords," (but I must add, gentlemen, and hope I may add ladies,) "I have done."

\* I am not certain, which of them invented,—*i. e.* suggested an invention of—the following evasions.—'Of course you have seen Napoleon?'—'Would a man be two months in Paris, without seeing the Lion of the age?'—'They tell me he is stout; and getting stout.'—'I cannot say he is tall; and if he be not stout, you will not deny that he is brave.'—'Is what I hear of his seat on horseback, true?'—'I am no judge of horsemanship.'—'They talk a deal of his smile, and of his frown.'—'He neither smiled nor frowned on me.'—'Upon the whole, what sort of looking person should you say he is?'—'I cannot say that the common portraits of him, which are in circulation, are unlike him.' &c. &c.



#### ERRATA.

First Ramble, first line, *delete* 'Reader;' and read, 'A walk by moon-light,' &c.

Page 11, last line, for *souvinc*, read *sourire*.

Dialogue Third, p. 23, line last but one,—after 'perceptibly,' insert 'or in any manner.'

Page 24, line 1, to words, 'in perceptible materiality,' \* refer the following note.

\* Assumed for the purpose of such manifestation.

Line 2d, place a colon, after the word 'himself.'

Page 33, l. 18, for *presumptive* read *presumption*.

Page 36, l. 9, place a ? after the word 'this;' and *delete* the ? and substitute a colon, after the word 'Lord.'







B  
68  
S55

25.4.55  
Smith, (Sir) William Cusack,  
bart.  
Another stroll

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